

The

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HARD FACTS from  
the "NATIONAL  
REVIEW"

Ever since Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have been like "brothers" every Conservative principle has been obliterated.—Editor, "Saturday Review."

THE international scene became much more serious during June, and when, towards the end of the month, the British Government announced the renunciation of British sea-power in Home waters, to which they had assented, even the least thinking Britons took notice of the great increase of insecurity in Europe brought about by this action. It will, however, take some time for us to fully realise to what we are committed. We have, for the first time in our history, pledged ourselves to inferiority in the Channel and the North Sea, with all that that entails. Mr. Baldwin has permitted the false teaching of our pacifists to come home to roost. Since 1919 we have lived in a mirage. This mirage showed us a world where order, liberty, and peace could be maintained, and civilisation, as we understand the word, furthered without any effort on our part.

Mr. Baldwin pretends that British justice, freedom, and fair play, so hard to come by, and needing such vigilance to defend in old times, are now going to maintain themselves without any need for our exertions. So bewildered has he been, so divorced from any sense of reality, that, confiding in the mirage, he has allowed the "National" Government to destroy our defence forces, and all the while that we were thus losing strength, and the authority that strength gives, this Government was moving away from the Conservative ideals that have been our life and the very core of our being. A most deadly Naval Agreement has been made with Germany. With them British Ministers have just concluded an Agreement which must, if adhered to, lead to the elimination of the British

Empire and the high ideals which created and maintained it.

## A Staggering Document

On June 18 the Government announced that they had entered into a Naval Agreement with Germany and, on the same day, they published the notes exchanged between Sir Samuel Hoare and Herr von Ribbentrop. The result of what we were told were to be merely informal conversations have led to an arrangement which is stated to be "permanent and definite." It is a staggering affair and the seriousness of the international situation has been suddenly heightened by this madness on the part of the British Government. Sir Samuel Hoare's note would be unbelievable, even from him, if it were not there for us all to see. It is dated June 18, 1935, and this is how it begins:—

During the last few days the representatives of the German Government and His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom have been engaged in conversations, the primary purpose of which has been to prepare the way for the holding of a general conference on the subject of the limitation of naval armaments. I have now much pleasure in notifying your Excellency of the formal acceptance by His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom of the proposal of the German Government discussed at those conversations that the future strength of the German navy in relation to the aggregate naval strength of the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations should be in the proportion of 85:100. His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom regard this proposal as a contribution of the greatest importance to the cause of future naval limitation. They further believe that the agreement which they have now reached with the German Government, and which they regard as a permanent and definite agreement as from to-day between the two Governments will facilitate the conclusion of a general agreement on the subject of naval limitation between all the naval Powers of the world.

The day chosen to announce this complete surrender to German violence was that of the Battle of Waterloo—June 18.

## What was the Pressure?

Even Sir Samuel Hoare, never averse to surrendering British interests, must have flinched when he saw the date June 18 at the head of such a document. The details of the Agreement are worse

### The New Learning

**E**LEMENTARY schools in Manchester are not without their patriots. A small girl at Chorlton-on-Medlock wrote an essay, and in it she said, "England is the finest country in the world."

Perhaps someone had told her. But it did not do for a school-inspector. No, not at all. Publicly he rebuked the child, before staff and school companions, for her statement.

Luckily enough, the nauseous priggishness of his rebuke was reported to the Board of Education; and probably the inspector himself is now feeling the sting of reproof. But he offers a disquieting example of a disease only too prevalent in the country's education at present. If this kind of smug, watery socialism-cum-internationalism is what is now masquerading as education, it would be better if there were a return to the days of the three R's or of no education at all.

Evening News.

than the preamble. We have quoted Paragraph 1. Paragraph 2 says:—

2. His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom also agree with the explanations which were furnished by the German representatives in the course of the recent discussions in London as to the method of application of this principle. These explanations may be summarised as follow:—

The explanations "bind" the Germans to the ratio of 35 per cent. of naval Empire forces, unless other Powers construct on a larger scale. Germany, in short, lays down the rules, Great Britain accepts them, and other nations have just got to lump it. It is in regard to submarine building that the most astonishing British surrender occurs. Germany claims, and has been granted in this Agreement, equality in submarines with the whole British Empire. Here is the text:—

In the matter of submarines, however, Germany, while not exceeding the ratio of 85:100 in respect of total tonnage, shall have the right to possess a submarine tonnage equal to the total submarine tonnage possessed by the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The German Government, however, undertake that, except in the circumstances indicated in the immediately following sentence, Germany's submarine tonnage shall not exceed 45 per cent. of the total of that possessed by the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The German Government reserve the right, in the event of a situation arising which in their opinion makes it necessary for Germany to avail herself of her right to a percentage of submarine tonnage exceeding the 45 per cent. above mentioned, to give notice to this effect to His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom, and agree that the matter shall be the subject of friendly discussion before the German Government exercise that right. (Our italics.)

The British public will rub their eyes when they read this document, which is signed by Sir Samuel Hoare. They know that by unparalleled efforts lasting four years they won a war which Germany provoked. They remember the privations caused by German submarines, they recall the image of the drowning merchant sailors. They now see before them the old menace in all its horror, and they

realise that certain political individuals have sold the pass. What, they will ask, was the price, or has the security of these islands been permanently parted with for nothing?

Nothing is more dangerous to the peace of the world than lack of policy on the part of a great people like the British. Yet as we examine the recent record of our Government in foreign affairs it is impossible to detect any sense of direction in its movements. Carried hither and thither by any tide that is strong enough to float wreckage, our Ministers drift up and down the tideway, as the wind lists.

### Accessories after the Fact

Our Ministers never stop talking about the collective security that is to be reached by a series of pacts in which everyone is to promise everyone else to do or to refrain from doing this or that. But what is the use of making these pacts with people who do not honour their own signature? Why are we perpetually ready to accept their cheques when we know they are stumors? Europe is at this moment completely bewildered by the see-saw of the British Government. The replacement of Sir John Simon by Sir Samuel Hoare has only appeared to intensify the oscillation. The Germans alone are pleased because they have brought off their coup, having achieved their object much more easily than they anticipated. In return for our folly they are said to have dangled before the eyes of the British Government the carrot of the possible return of Germany to Geneva. Full of virtuous glow, British Ministers look forward in imagination to the proud moment when they will tell us that they have persuaded Germany to return to the League of Nations.

Lord Londonderry and Mr. Thomas are still in the Government, Mr. Thomas not having budged and Lord Londonderry being preserved, like a fly in amber, in the Lordship of the Privy Seal. Lord Sankey, Sir Edward Hilton Young and Sir John Gilmour, on the other hand, "went quietly." The two latter accepted peerages.

### How Things are Done

Lord Zetland and Lord Eustace Percy are rewarded for their hard work in support of the Liberal-Socialist Indian policy; Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's son; Mr. Ernest Brown is a Liberal; and Mr. Eden, who had been talked of for the Foreign Secretaryship, could not, it was thought, be left out. In all this there is no evidence that the public interest was thought of. The study of the fitness of a man for a job is nowhere discernible. The amiable Lord Halifax, colossally unfitted for the job, has gone to the War Office in place of Lord Hailsham, who was an excellent Minister of War. Mr. Oliver Stanley, whose failure at the Ministry of Labour last year should not have been forgotten, takes Lord Halifax's post at the Education Office. One alarming rumour has obtained currency: it is said that Mr. MacDonald senior is to be especially in charge of Defence. What a prospect! When war broke out in 1914 he made a speech in which he said that Great Britain had only gone to war because the Admiralty



desired battle practice. In 1917, he tried to procure a break-up of British resistance to Germany by Moscow methods. With one of the greatest Conservative majorities Parliament has ever seen, this same Mr. MacDonald is to organise our defence against the enemy he did so much to hearten from August, 1914, to November, 1918.

As further proof, if further proof is required, that Mr. Baldwin is indifferent—or possibly even hostile—to the idea of promoting the interests of the British Empire we have to remember that it was under his chairmanship that the 1926 Imperial Conference was held, when the fatal Balfour Resolution leading to the Statute of Westminster was passed. At Ottawa he showed himself without understanding or sympathy for the idea of closer relations with the Empire, and now under his leadership all but a fragment of the Conservative Party has been dragooned into voting for the destruction of Britain's influence in India. He hardly realises perhaps what the Conservative Party has suffered in its morale from having been forced, under his leadership, to adopt the policy of the *Manchester Guardian* in Imperial matters.

### Out of Touch

One thing appears to be certain, and that is that Mr. Baldwin is not in touch with the mind of the country, or he would not have put together the Government in its present form. Representation of right wing Conservatives is much diminished, and the new Cabinet is less National in breadth and character. A Government apparently without a policy will be apt to leave electors cold. Part achievement is not enough. We remember the mistakes of 1929. Are they about to be repeated? Constituencies are everywhere getting ready with a view to the election, which cannot be delayed more than eight months. Are electors to have a national policy from their so-called national government, or are they to see Stresa one month and Ribbentrop talks another in the see-saw which helps to keep Europe in a ferment, while at home they are overtaxed without attaining security? In the 1931 election Conservatives fought a soldiers' battle without leadership. Are they to be left to this again, and with the suspicion that any victory they win will be used to weaken the British Empire and forward the very Socialist nostrums which have been defeated at the polls? These reflections will not make for arduous fighting, and more than one Conservative is sick at heart at the use made of the most overwhelming Conservative majority ever seen. Liberals and Socialists could have done no worse in regard to India than Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare, and in our policy in regard to the Dominions little Englanders could hardly have interpreted Ottawa in a more unfriendly manner than the "National" Government has done.

### The India Bill

This month will see the end of the Indian debate, and, if the India Bill passes the Lords, the beginning of the end of our influence in India. We therefore propose to give ample space to the important discussions proceeding in the House of Lords. The first reading of the India Bill was

In 1914 the British Navy saved us from being overwhelmed by the German hordes. The seas were held, and our troops conveyed almost without interruption. In 1935 we should neither have enough Navy to safeguard our food supplies nor to convey our troops. What are our Members of the House of Commons going to do about it?

*National Review.*

[As this has in my mind but one aim and that is to help Russia—I suggest that those members of the House of Commons who are content with these conditions would be helping England if they went to Russia and I am willing to pay for their single fares.—

EDITOR, S.R.].

taken in that House on June 6, when Lord Salisbury moved its rejection. It is unusual to move the rejection of any measure on its first reading, but the India Bill is one of such importance that those who believe that its passing means the passing of British influence in India and the East have no option but to bring the matter perpetually to discussion. One of the difficulties all through has been that the Government has opposed a feather-bed resistance to the opposition but has never answered criticism. Advocates of the Bill have never yet answered the objections urged by those—and practically the entire Indian Civil Service is numbered among them—who believe the present policy of the British Government to be equally disastrous to India and to Great Britain. This feather-bed resistance has produced—as no doubt it was intended to produce—a feeling of somnolence in regard to India, "a feeling of bewilderment, almost ending in apathy has come upon a great many people," said Lord Salisbury on June 6, when he once more led the attack upon Indian Home Rule, and when he again with unwearying patience marshalled some of the grave objections to the India Bill. In particular he enumerated the evidence of Indian dislike of, and intention to refuse support to, the Government which the Bill proposes to create in India. He gave instances: the moderate reformer, Mr. Gokhale, with his paper, *The Servant of India*, which also represents Mr. Sastri, asserts in so many words that the scheme was "not supported by any thinking section in the country," and elsewhere the same paper says, "Political India . . . would honestly prefer the *status quo* . . . If the measure depended upon Indian opinion it would have no chance whatever." The Bill has also been discussed by the Indian Legislative Council, the existing representative body.

### Balance of Opinion

When the India Bill was discussed in the Legislative Council in India the Government measure was absolutely rejected. Three-quarters of the Indian elected members voted in the majority which threw it out. Where will be the goodwill necessary to work the measure, asked Lord Salis-

bury, when the Indians show so plainly that it does not suit them? The British Government have founded this policy upon Indian goodwill. It is not there, and everyone knows this. Turning from the political Indian in the British Indian Provinces to the Princes, Lord Salisbury reminded the House of their opposition and of the effort of the Government to make them eat their words. "I think the Government proposed to part with £750,000 to £1,000,000 in order to obtain the support of the Princes and they have used other methods." Owing entirely to the enterprise of the *Morning Post*, to which paper Lord Salisbury paid a warm tribute, we were told what the Princes had said at a meeting in Bombay, which they all attended. On this occasion the Maharajah of Patiala, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, spoke in no uncertain voice "to say in the most unequivocal terms that this Bill is totally unsatisfactory and cannot be accepted." At the same meeting the Nawab of Bophal said that the Chamber of Princes had "laid it down as a condition . . . that this question (Paramountcy) should satisfactorily be settled before the Princes could consent to join the proposed Federation." Paramountcy is the authority which the King Emperor, acting through his Viceroy, has over the feudatory Princes of India.

It is a direct relation between sovereign and sovereign. When the Viceroy becomes subject to an Indian Parliament, what then? And Lord Salisbury added that if the Princes come in it will be against their will and under such circumstances they may not be helpful. The Government, in short, have not a friend in India. The Civil Service will do their duty, they are a splendid body of men, "But do not imagine," said the speaker to the Ministers, "that they favour your policy. You thought so, and, no doubt, many distinguished Civil Servants do, but you never reckoned with the rank and file." Mr. Baldwin told us that "the overwhelming balance of opinion in the Civil Service in India to-day is in favour of these reforms," but the Civil Service of Bengal presented a memorial to the Government in January last, and this was endorsed by the whole Indian Civil Service. They said, "Dangerous and arduous as has been the work of the two chief services in Bengal in the past, it will be doubly so in the future." The Bengal police said: "We and the I.C.S. (Indian Civil Service) are admittedly going to share the greatest dangers . . . and the most difficult problems inherent in the . . . scheme of reforms . . . proposed. . ."

### The Summing-Up

"Observe the position of the Government," said Lord Salisbury. "Without any support from Indian opinion they are going to hand over the Police and Civil Servants . . . They (the Police and I.C.S.) were not allowed to give evidence before the Joint Select Committee. . . . I ventured to say in the Committee that it (the muzzling) was not the slightest use, because the evidence would come out. Of course it has come out and the Government have got to deal with it." (Our italics.) And the speaker reminded his audience of how the Government had claimed over

and over again that the Indian Civil Service approved of their plans while the contrary was the case, for the Civil Servants and the Police have now spoken out and they have — Lord Salisbury had quoted their memorial at length—"told the Government that the Government's plan will not work, that the finance is bad, that the safeguards are bad," and he ended by saying that even the *Statesman*, a newspaper said to be connected with Lord Reading, was more than contemptuous of the whole affair. An article on March 4 said:—

To-day there is only the duped and misled National Government left advocating what it took upon itself . . . to carry out the wishes of the supposedly united voice of India. Those (Indian) Liberals who are not damnatory, are drunk . . . Moslems, Congress, Liberals, Princes and the British Diehards are all united. The lone figures of Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare are left protesting that India still wants it.

The speaker concluded by begging the House of Lords not to burn the bridges and not to let the apathy of the House of Commons prevent the Lords from seriously considering this grave matter, and their own responsibility to India.

Lord Salisbury's grave indictment remained unanswered, and Lord Lloyd had no difficulty in showing, in regard to bribing the Princes to enter Federation, that remissions of tribute were only to be made to States that entered the Federation. The Houses of Parliament adjourned after this for Whitsuntide, and did not meet again until June 17. On June 18 the India Bill was again discussed.

### Road to Chaos

June 19 was made notable by a striking speech from the Bishop of Exeter, in which he exposed the glib fallacy of the phrase "responsible Government" when applied to such a Government as is proposed in India. Responsible Government, he said, has existed since the most remote times, but it was Rousseau who, in the 18th century, invented the theory that all men had an inherent right to vote. Did voting necessarily bring good Government? He was in Chicago last year and he saw men actually starving while just outside their city crops were being destroyed because they could not be sold. The gangsters there were, with impunity, firing machine guns in the streets because they could buy the Judges who are democratically appointed. The Bishop then turned to China, which he knows well. "Life in India is much nearer to China than it is to life in the West. I took a keen interest in this question of China twenty years ago, and during this debate it has seemed to me as if I were going a second time to the same play and hearing the same tragedy over again. Twenty years ago . . . the Emperor's power was taken from him. Representative institutions and 'Responsible Government' were . . . instituted." The Bishop of Exeter drew the moral and, indeed, we can all see what has happened in China. Those members of the Lords who came at the behest of the Conservative leader to vote for the third reading of the Government Bill have, all unwittingly, sent India a good step along the Chinese road to chaos,



### The Duchess of Atholl Acts

The most important service rendered by the Duchess of Atholl and her four colleagues, who, with her, recently gave up the National Government whip, was the attention which they drew to the actual position of trade between this country and India under the Fiscal Autonomy Convention, and the truth so carefully suppressed by Sir Samuel Hoare and other members of the Government as to the nature, extent, and limitations of this Convention. Until the Duchess and her four colleagues drew the attention of Parliament and the country to the nature of this Convention, Sir Samuel Hoare had been at pains to spread the impression that for many years India had enjoyed full fiscal autonomy, and that under his notorious Government of India Bill this position would in no way be altered. By her action and that of her colleagues, the Duchess of Atholl has now shown the falsity of this propaganda, how great is in effect the control—should we wish to wield it—by this country of India's tariffs; how the powers enjoyed by Ministers of the Crown in this respect have not been used, and how, for the first time under the Bill, Parliament will abdicate its sovereignty over these matters.

The Duchess of Atholl has now shown that Sir Samuel Hoare's statement on the 6th February, quoted above, is misleading, while at the same time it is plain that his speech gave no hint of the limitations the Convention imposes on fiscal autonomy nor of the fact that the Convention will cease when the Bill passes into law. On the 11th February, the last day of the Second Reading, Mr.

Churchill analyses the position. In the course of his speech he said of the previous position:—

"The Fiscal Convention of 1919 is not a convention in the sense of being a treaty. It is a unilateral declaration of policy. It does not confer fiscal autonomy upon India or upon the Government of India. It does not transfer British sovereignty to an independent external body. The Government of India is not an independent body. It is a projection, to a very large extent, of the Government of Great Britain. . . . The Crown appoints the Viceroy . . . The Crown appoints the important functionaries who compose the Government of India, and in the ultimate issue those functionaries can be recalled by the authority of the Crown . . . to say that we have transferred fiscal sovereignty, that India has complete fiscal autonomy, is not warranted either by the letter or by the spirit of the so-called convention."

This statement shows that the Government of India, in fact, has *not* always been given complete freedom. The only Minister to follow Mr. Churchill in the debate was Mr. Baldwin; he did not refer to Mr. Churchill's statement.

On the 5th March the Duchess of Atholl again raised the question. No reply was given by the Government. On April 10th, in the discussion on the proposed Burma Trade Agreement, Sir Samuel Hoare answered the attack delivered on this Agreement. Following him, the Duchess of Atholl told the House what the safeguards in the Convention were. No notice was taken by any member of the Government. On April 29th, the Attorney-General, replying to the Duchess, for the first time admitted the existence of any limitation. As he did not refer to the Duchess's interpretation of the safeguards specifically referred to by her, he, presumably, felt unable to dispute it.

## PEACE

Poised in contentment on an alp,  
No towering "horn" or craggy "stock,"  
But just enough to give the palpitations to an aged crock,  
At peace before my well-earned bock  
I sit, the monarch for a spell,  
Of the brave land of William Tell.

Forgot is London, all forgot  
The fitful hum of Parliament:  
Dull politicians talking rot  
In these high parts do not occur.  
Even Lloyd George—unless I err—  
In spite of all his mountaining arts,  
Would raise no stir in these here parts.

Whitehall's a thousand miles away,  
Statesmen a scarce remembered bore.  
Can it have been but yesterday  
That I was feeling really sore

About that fellow, Sammy Hoare,  
That Ramsay Mac and Stanley B.  
Were objects of concern to me?

The gentian blooms in yonder grass,  
Hard by are ruminating cows,  
The laden hikers as they pass  
In them no envious thoughts arouse.  
They are content, like me, to browse,  
To eat and sleep the hours away,  
Girt by a smel of new-mown hay.

Would it could always be the same,  
But I must back to town repair;  
Those politicians (cries of "shame!")  
What won't they do if I'm not there?  
Sweet, but not inexpensive air  
Of Switzerland, the dream must end:  
Already I can smell Ostend.

HAMADRYAD.

# The Unjust Stewards

By Kim

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, like his leader Mr. Baldwin, keeps boasting about the growing prosperity of the nation, which he attributes solely to his administration of the national finances. He uses this alleged prosperity as an argument to boost up the "National" Government, and certainly it needs all the boosting it can get. If Mr. Neville Chamberlain thinks that his Budget this year is going to win the Government a lot of votes at the coming General Election he is something in the way of an optimist.

In the recent vote of censure on the Government's unemployment policy it was pointed out that although Mr. Chamberlain congratulates himself on the extent of the industrial recovery, this recovery is somewhat nebulous. While the unemployed on the dole exceed the two million mark, and when we realise that the utterly destitute who apply for parish relief exceed one and a half millions *and are going up*, it is scarcely the time for the Chancellor to preen himself or indulge in smug self-laudatory speeches. He might reflect with truth that when there are nearly four millions of people who are known to be in abject poverty, it points to the inability of the Government to carry out their job.

## ECONOMIC HERESY

This grinding permanent poverty of so many millions could be cured undoubtedly if there were a Government which was truly national, for the causes of unemployment are not difficult to define. Shipping, mining, agriculture and fisheries all are suffering through the neglect or the prejudices of the Government. The British Mercantile Marine has been ruined because foreign governments have subsidised their ships and our Government have feared to retaliate. It would be easy, for instance, for a strong Protectionist British Government to require British cargoes to be carried in British bottoms, and to impose heavier harbour dues on foreign ships when they undercut us by subsidies. The sufferings of the unemployed in the ship building yards of the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Mersey are due to the Free Trade prejudices of the "National" Government. They are the victims of an economic heresy, and it is the price England has to pay because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald formed a "National" Government and was permitted to introduce his Free Trade element like Mr. Runciman into key positions in a Conservative Government.

What applies to shipping also accounts for the failure of the Government to give adequate support to agriculture and fisheries. To-day, at long last, it is recognised that quotas have proved an utter failure as they were bound to be from the first, and the farming industry without exception demands a tariff. Similarly, our deep-sea fisheries can be pro-

tected if the Government had the will. Mining is equally a responsibility of the Government, for in order to sell some coal abroad they gave our agricultural markets to Denmark, Poland, and other countries. If they had encouraged the development of oil at the first they could have assisted the mining areas far more.

Our economic evils are caused by the half-craven and half-hearted policy of the very Government which Mr. Neville Chamberlain says is giving us prosperity. When we give away our markets for a totally inadequate return it leads to unemployment in agriculture and allied trades. The Government's neglect of Empire trade, and the tying of our hands by Mr. Runciman's "Pacts," all reflect loss of prosperity and consequent unemployment. Now the India Surrender Bill has become law, sooner or later the loss of this market will be reflected in the unemployed figures of Great Britain, mainly in Lancashire, but to a considerable extent elsewhere.

## A FALLING STAR

Does Mr. Chamberlain think that by whittling down our Indian or Empire trade we add to the financial prosperity of the country? Of course he knows it to be the opposite, and translated into terms of practice, it is that the poor have to suffer and starve because the Government fails to protect its own people. Yet Mr. Chamberlain from first to last took the side of the surrenderists over India. He has spoken and voted to give India to our enemies. He has been prominently to the fore in undermining our national prosperity.

The other day in Parliament Mr. Chamberlain smugly remarked that he was able to give relief while other countries were having to introduce fresh economies and fresh taxation. He did not say as he might have done that these countries in almost every instance have been compelled to find huge sums to prepare for the coming war, whereas the British Chancellor, during his term of office has rigidly cut down the national defences and made no provision for the re-arming of the nation as is now seen to be inevitable. We shall now have to borrow the money and so add to the National Debt, because Mr. Chamberlain has squandered the sums which should have been earmarked whether our Pacifist Government used them or not. Moreover, underlying the fight of France and Holland to keep on the gold standard is a realisation that in a case of world panic, such as happened in the time of the War, only those countries on a gold standard could save their currency.

The Unemployment figures give the lie to Mr. Chamberlain's self-complacency. He has hitched his wagon to the star of Mr. Baldwin's sham "National" Government and it looks very much like a falling star.



# AFRAID!

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

**M**R. BALDWIN'S Government is afraid of the *Saturday Review* because it TELLS THE TRUTH.

Last week an article appeared in the *Saturday Review* with the title—WANTED A REAL CONSERVATIVE LEADER—and this is the report of what happened from a member of the Staff.—

"I rang up and arranged for Posters with the slogan WANTED A REAL CONSERVATIVE LEADER—to be displayed as usual, but after it had all been arranged the Manager of the firm of Bill Posters who do this work rang me up and said they could not display the Posters as arranged. Asked why, he said they had their reasons—pressed harder he reluctantly said a representative from the Government had been to them and said that the Government had legislation in hand affecting bill-posting and hoardings—and if his firm displayed any criticism of the Government and especially the *Saturday Review* Posters—things would be made very difficult for them and the Government would not forget,—and, therefore, they could not display the posters as they could not afford to offend the Government.

I then rang up another firm and they said they would put the posters up for us but after this had all been settled this firm *also* rang up the office and said they were very sorry but they found they could not undertake the job as they were told it would be very awkward for them if they did. Pressed further as to why they could not do it — they said there were reasons which they were not prepared to state that prevented them.

I then rang up a third firm but they said they dare not undertake the work because they had been told that things would be made very difficult for them if they displayed any poster from the *Saturday Review* CRITICISING THE GOVERNMENT.

I approached several other firms of bill posters but they all said the same thing—that they dare not touch the posters or things would be made very difficult for them. All this was said by word of mouth and all done very secretly and carefully—no name of who had been to them being given, just—"a representative from the Government."

SO NOW WE KNOW THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IS A MYTH. MOREOVER IF NO CRITICISM OF THE GOVERNMENT IS PERMITTED—THEY ARE NO LONGER A CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT — BUT AN OLIGARCHY — AND THEREFORE THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS A MERE FACON DE PARLER.

Insulting remarks against the King and the Royal Family are permitted again and again but THE "NATIONAL" GOVERNMENT MUST NOT BE CRITICISED. This is not even a benevolent Dictatorship—but DICTATORSHIP OF THE WORST DESCRIPTION.

And further than this—when Sir Kingsley Wood said that the common cold cost the Nation £50,000,000 a year and suggested that if anyone found a cure for it — they would be awarded any honour they liked to ask, Lady Houston sent him a telegram giving him a cold cure that has been tested and found efficacious by hundreds of people—yet he did not dare even acknowledge this telegram because he would have had to have acknowledged that the cure came from Lady Houston, whose name must not be mentioned in the Press because she is a Patriot and has dared to criticise the Government.

So that England is now being governed by men who dare not face the Truth! And if Lady Houston has libelled the Government they have the remedy.

# Our Poster Banned and Why ?

By Comyns Beaumont

**M**ORE in sorrow than in anger—sorrow that the powers that be evidently stop at nothing to suppress any patriotic journal which dares to tell the truth about them—we have learned that a poster expressing what all true Conservatives think cannot be displayed on the hoardings.

\* \* \*

That poster runs as follows : "Wanted : A *Real* Conservative Leader." That surely is a justifiable contention seeing that all real Conservatives hold the same views on the subject as does the *Saturday Review*, namely, that Mr. Baldwin is leading the Conservative Party to disaster. The point is that if this is still a free country we have a right to express an opinion, honestly given as much as anyone else.

Strangely enough Communists and other bodies of Internationalist opinion are allowed unfettered liberty to do their worst to overthrow the constitution and the Monarchy, but if it is a journal whose patriotic outlook cannot at any rate be impugned, conducted by a great lady whose public spirit and singleness of purpose are recognised from the highest in the land to the lowest, well, then it is quite another story.

\* \* \*

For the General Election now expected in November, the hoardings will blazon forth the alleged virtues of the "National" Government.

It is a new thing—unknown until the "National" Government came into power—to find a Government using indirect methods to prevent free speech by threats or bribes.

Of course they will deny any knowledge of such proceedings. But we know quite well how

in the last year or two astounding steps have been taken by devious ways to prevent the *Saturday Review* from saying what its editor considers it necessary to say, *because it is the Truth*.

\* \* \*

No stone is left unturned to impede the progress of the *Saturday Review* because its views are inconvenient to the Government. Do not believe for a moment that the proprietors of hoardings generally are not able to display "political posters," but those "political" posters not supporting the present Government and telling the truth about it must be suppressed.

\* \* \*

Mr. Baldwin is the Head of the Government—put in power and held in power by Conservative votes *and Conservative money* to carry out the policy of Conservatism.

Has he done his duty to Conservatives during the last four years? Is he doing it now?

If all Conservatives ask themselves this question—there is only one answer and that answer is—NO.

He has not done his duty to Conservatives—nor is he doing it now.

That is why the Slogan—Wanted a *REAL* Conservative Leader—was written. And only because Mr. Baldwin is not a *REAL* Conservative can he object to this Poster being exhibited. By stopping these Posters he has actually gone the lengths of interfering with the freedom of the Press—which by this has now become a myth, a thing of the Past—and his Government an *Oligarchy*.



# Stanley Baldwin, Socialist

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

"THIS was the wildest Socialist of them all," will undoubtedly be history's verdict on Mr. Stanley Baldwin, nor is it only to his record as the progenitor of two (at least!) Socialist Governments that he will owe that verdict. With the "Conservative" leader's responsibility in that direction I have dealt previously, but each year that passes makes increasingly clear the far less reputable fact that Mr. Baldwin's greatest contributions to the cause of Socialism have been made while he was leader of the Conservative Cabinet and the person mainly responsible for the governance of this country. In other words, under the cloak of Conservatism, Mr. Stanley Baldwin has played deliberately the game of Conservatism's greatest enemy.

No one who reads the records of 1920-30 can be surprised by the facts that in the present decade Mr. Baldwin has so weakened the bonds of Empire, and embraced as his closest friend the ci-devant leader of Socialism and of revolution. For it was by the Government of 1924-9 that Socialistic measures affecting every part of our domestic life were enforced, and a twist given to the whole internal policy of our country which has resulted in deforming not only our finances, but the mentalities of many of our people.

During Mr. Baldwin's Government of 1924-9 the inequitable laws under which property owners all over the country now labour were brought to birth, while another branch of this gentleman's activities is admirably summed up by Mr. Douglas Jerrold in his new book "England," and the fundamental change to a socialistic state which Mr. Baldwin arranged is laid bare with devastating effect.

## THE SHORN LAMBS

"Previous attempts to temper the wind of individualism to the shorn lambs of capitalism had been governed by one clear principle," writes Mr. Jerrold on page 134 of his book. "The case must be exceptional. The aged must not suffer because of their poverty; the sick must not suffer because of their sickness; the unemployed from inevitable dislocations of industry. The Act of 1925 introduced for the first time a new principle, the grant of pensions to the whole nation, excepting always the income-tax paying class. The State was here put forward as the normal paymaster to whom all were to look for maintenance in widowhood (which comes to the majority of women) and in old age, which comes to all. *The State was no longer to be the occasional intervenor in times of stress and the reliever of dire poverty, but the habitual and actually compulsory channel through which, in many of the normal eventualities of life, all people without distinction of means, class and occupation, would look for financial assistance.*" (My italics.)

The year 1925 was indeed one of the most remarkable in our political history, and certainly the most disreputable, for during it the "Conservative" Prime Minister not only introduced Socialism on a grand scale, a betrayal he gracefully named "dishing the Socialists at their own game," but publicly—nay, in the very House of Commons—protested the abandonment of principle as a matter for pride! Saving trouble is, he said, more important than justice; what the politicians think the country wants is better than what is right.

## HIS INSPIRATION

Nor is this speech—which no paraphrase can rival—buried in the shame it deserves. No! It is set forth with pride in Mr. Baldwin's published collection of speeches, "On England," and that, after such an utterance, he was allowed to remain leader of any political party is a reproach to our country for all time. "We believe in the justice of this Bill which has been brought in to-day," he said on March 6th, 1925, "but we are going to withdraw our hand. . . . We abandon what we have laid our hands to. We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told we have gone back on our principles. But we believe we know what at this moment the country wants . . . "!!

In the paragraph preceding these sentences Mr. Stanley Baldwin quoted Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as the inspiration of his action, and by the autumn of 1925 the two were publicly professing agreement on foreign policy. At Brighton on October 8th, Mr. Baldwin stated: "We have made the Treaty of Mutual Guarantee subject as a whole to only one condition—that Germany must join the League of Nations," and at Hull almost immediately Mr. MacDonald responded with a statement that he did not care which party had got Germany into the League. He said to them: "Thank you, and bless you for having done it."

Yet in spite of these clearest warnings as to Mr. Stanley Baldwin's character and intentions, to-day, ten whole years afterwards, he is still leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister of the country.

Time and again efforts have been made to remove him. Party meetings have been called—but Mr. Baldwin triumphed. Well known men called upon those responsible for newer organisations, which advertised their hostility to Mr. Baldwin, and plaintively inquired: "Why are you making it so difficult for us to get rid of him?" Groups of Members of Parliament—in private—have a vast revolt to voice. And still nothing happens.

But in spite of all this pusillanimity, for the safety of this Empire, for the preservation of honesty in politics, Baldwin MUST go.

## RACING

# The Luck of the Turf

By David Learmonth

WE have most of us experienced those occasions when we have to go racing or perish; and no-one can be said to have graduated in this nerve wracking business who has not made the compulsory trip to Windsor after a buccaneering Ascot, or taken the grim, despairing route to Alexandra Park in the hope of remedying a tragic Goodwood.

Ascot's reputation is so much worse than that of Goodwood that it seems hardly fair to class them together. Yet I have come away from Goodwood as poor as I ever came away from Ascot.

But there is the other side of the picture and I have pleasant memories of Goodwood meetings when my "Mug punting" has resulted in considerable profit, occasions which almost convinced me that success in betting is a matter of luck entirely and that the more information one collects the more involved one's problems become.

I remember one truly glorious Goodwood which started with a ten to one winner of the Stewards Cup and continued to the bitter end an almost unbroken run of successes.

On the Sunday before, my father and I had visited the Chattis Hill stables where we neither asked for nor received any information. Mr. "Atty" Persse trained General McCalmont's Tetrameter at the time, so, not knowing in the least what to back, we had two pounds each way on him between us, entirely out of sentiment. The result was we had a "pony" to play with—a nice start.

## Tips from the Stable

I cannot remember the other winners, but I recall that the late Mr. S. B. Joel, who always liked to win at Goodwood, was extremely obliging and produced several winners at a hundred to eight. The funny part of it was that I must have spoken to Walter Earl at least once each day, but I never asked him if he fancied a horse and he never gave me a tip. I hold rather strong views about people who badger trainers for information, which they may not be in a position to give without committing a breach of trust.

We came away from the meeting with a profit of over sixty pounds each and thought ourselves mighty clever. But the one and only reason why we won was because we were in luck. Many people that year had a bad Goodwood.

I have never been a heavy bettor, a pound or two being my usual maximum; but on the few occasions when I have been tempted by "inside information" and such snakes in the grass I have usually found the information less accurate than I had hoped.

I remember once riding a horse in a three mile steeplechase at Newton Abbot on August Bank Holiday. The horse was considered the best in a powerful stable, a real smasher with which we had

hopes of winning the National, and the opposition was extremely poor.

So confident was the trainer that he ordered me to keep to the middle of the fences to avoid any possibility of mishap. The horse had so many stones in hand, he said, that there was no object in going the shortest way; he could win by a hundred yards or more.

For two miles he went well; then he blew up and, to save him from needless distress, I abandoned the race and returned to the paddock. The trainer, one of the most capable in England, had made an error of judgment, and had thought the horse was fit when in fact he was not.

I had twenty-five pounds on that horse which it was not at all convenient to lose; however, the trainer assured me that he would gallop the animal well and take no chances of such a thing happening again.

## "The Best Laid Schemes . . ."

I rode the horse again at Exeter in equally poor company, when he fell at a fence in the straight. He galloped away among the heather in the middle of the course, broke down, and was never any use again, while the owner, who had backed the horse heavily as he particularly wanted money for a very special purpose, got straight into his car and drove away, nor did he ever speak to me again. The best of information, therefore, does not always result in backing a winner.

When Massine beat Filibert de Savoie in the Ascot Gold Cup, everyone in the know considered Filibert de Savoie the better horse. I was at that time the racing correspondent to a now defunct sporting weekly and by a slip of the pen I tipped Massine to win when I meant to have tipped the other. I wired to the editor, but it was too late to make any change, so I had to hope for the best.

Filibert de Savoie was a very lazy horse and George Jennings could not get the best out of him. He tired before the end of the race, with the result that another jockey on the freer going Massine got up and beat him; so, purely by luck, I gave a winner at ten to one.

But perhaps the most dramatic story of modern times will never be told. Certainly it will never be published. It happened in a certain very important race, when the jockey of a much fancied candidate had entered into an arrangement with a certain bookmaker not to win.

At the very last moment a well-known racing figure, who had backed the horse heavily, discovered the truth. He went straight to this jockey and said, "Either you win or you will never ride again." He won and the layer who had hatched the plot had to find fifty thousand pounds.

Yet it was just luck which let the cat out of the bag.



# Britain, Watch Your Navy

By "The Look-Out"

**I**T took months and months of hard prodding by the *Daily Mail*, the *Morning Post* and other patriotic newspapers before the Government could be jolted into feeble action to strengthen the utterly futile British Air Force. Rude writings on the wall in the shape of lost by-elections had to appear.

A final jolt had to be given, and very kindly was given, by Herr Hitler, who admitted that Germany had already attained air parity with Britain at the moment when the Under-Secretary for Air was telling the House of Commons an entirely different and wholly figmentary tale. Members were left to decide whether the Government was being singularly badly served in the matter of information or was itself deliberately deceiving Parliament.

## CRASS FOLLY

The Government did not decide to strengthen the Air Force through fear of losing the next war but through fear of losing the next election. All Conservative governments under Mr. Baldwin have been too self-complacent; but in the case of the National Government mere self-complacency has degenerated into crass folly. Remove from it the menace of the adverse vote and its solicitude for the nation's prestige or the nation's safety is worth about threepence halfpenny in coppers. Scuttle, surrender and the interminable chatter of the international *bandarlog* ARE WHAT IT REALLY ENJOYS.

As with the Air Force so with the Navy. It is called the Silent Service but its most inspissated silences are only maintained when the nation wants to know just how strong—or how weak—the Navy really is. As for the Government, we can be sure that it will not vote a shilling towards giving the country the Navy it needs until the country has threatened, in unmistakable terms, to kick the Government out unless it gets busy.

## OPEN TO ATTACK

This incorrigible habit of the National Government—possibly it is inherent in all National Governments—of not stirring until the country kicks it in the pants may prove harmless, but that is entirely a matter of luck. Belated action in the matter of securing new warships, or any other armaments, is all to the good provided it does not come too late to do any good. Unfortunately we do not merely leave that to chance. We leave ourselves open to be jumped upon by enemies who are ready and anxious to take advantage of our weakness.

The relative weakness of the Navy, and particularly its galloping obsolescence, has recently had some publicity. It needs a deal more. The First Lord of the Admiralty has decided not to stand for Parliament again. Is that because he is unwilling

to share the Government's responsibility for letting the Navy down? Naturally he will not admit it but we are entitled to draw our conclusions.

It is going to take a show of courage, from a Government which has never shown the courage of a guinea pig, to ask the nation for £50,000,000 to spend on the Navy, the more so since our MacDonalds and Simons and Baldwins have for years been telling the nation to put its trust in the League of Nations. Possibly the First Lord is retiring from Parliamentary life because he has assured himself that that courage will never be shown by his own political party, let alone its Liberal and Socialist hangers-on.

## A QUESTION OF AGE

It is very difficult, as long as the Government conceals the truth, to find out just how weak the Navy really is. The age of a single ship is some indication of its comparative usefulness, but figures giving the average age of a number of ships are quite worthless. For one two-year-old ship plus ten fifty-year-old ships can well be more than a match for eleven twenty-year-old ships although the average age of the former is more than double that of the latter. Moreover, the types of ship and their up-to-dateness is of capital importance. At the battle of Jutland the newest of the British ships proved to be more vulnerable than the German ships of a like age.

Warships that cost millions of pounds and only last about twice as long as a mass-produced motor car are an expensive item, but, if one nation has them, all must have them, and, in spite of Mr. Lloyd George's false suggestions to the contrary, it is not the fault of this country that no all-round abolition or diminution has been achieved.

## HONESTY WANTED

What we want from the Government is a full and clear statement—and an honest one—showing the relative strength of the British and other navies *with every material factor taken fully into consideration*. Even that statement will not command complete confidence if its compilation is left solely to the Admiralty—look how the Air Ministry deceived us—but it will do for a start.

Then we should have a forthright declaration from the Government that it proposes immediately to bring the Navy up to a real strength that will ensure the safety of our sea communications and of our shores against all likely aggressors.

Once that is done, once the work is put in hand and the money voted Mr. Eden and all the other available Foreign Ministers, past and present, are welcome to trot off to Geneva or some Italian lake paradise and talk naval disarmament until Swiss cows come home.

# An Old Soldier Looks Back

By A. A. Edwards

**T**URNING back the pages of life for twenty-one years may mean nothing in a humdrum existence, but when those years represent more than half one's life there are bound to be many incidents of more than ordinary importance which stand out above all others. In some respects the last twenty-one years have been the most momentous in history.

Memories of those feverish early days of August crowd one upon the other; those hasty decisions to join up in a war that people said would be over in a few months; the excitement of enlistment, the donning of khaki and the struggles with the intricacies of equipment and our first move to the East Coast where we, in our youthful enthusiasm, fully expected to be engaged almost immediately in repelling a German invasion. We soon learned that it took more than a uniform and a rifle to make a soldier. Months of intensive training followed, during which time we were feverishly anxious to be sent across the water to take our real part in the war.

Looking back over the years since those days until the present time, what have we to show for it all? A country weighted down with debt, hundreds upon hundreds of men prematurely aged, many broken in health and spirit, in the fight for existence in this "land fit for heroes to live in," and at every Labour Exchange in the country men lining up for the dole, men who should be in decent healthy employment. Many of these broken men would perhaps be happier if they were with some of their old comrades sleeping in "some corner of a foreign field that is forever England." As Thomas Southern wrote in 1882:

"And when they're worn,  
Hacked, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,  
To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals."

## DESPERATE MEN

Patriotism was a great thing in 1914; it is a great thing to-day, but it is of little use preaching patriotism to a man with an empty stomach and a discontented mind. Ex-Service men yield to no one in their loyalty to King and country, but, having fought and bled for their country, they are at least entitled to earn a living instead of relying for their existence upon an allowance from a benevolent Government or Public Assistance Committee. Mr. Neville Chamberlain referred to prosperity a few days ago and spoke of England almost as a land flowing with milk and honey. What utter nonsense this is when the registers of the Employment Exchanges contain over two million names.

During the past few months I have spoken to several old comrades who are rotting in enforced idleness, and many of them have told me quite frankly that they would welcome another war as a way out of their difficulties. Few men there are

who, having experienced the horrors of war, would willingly seek a repetition, but desperate men are often driven to desperate deeds. Give a man a chance to earn his own living and you give him some real incentive to work for peace, but if he realises that the Government does not care two hoots about his welfare it is immaterial to him whether there is peace or not. Not until such time as the country is rid of this ramshackle "National" Government and a real true-blue Conservative administration put in its place shall we have any chance of putting England where she rightly belongs—at the head of the world.

## "LEST WE FORGET"

We have had enough of the spectacle of a Socialist Prime Minister leading a Conservative Government. It is convenient sometimes to possess a short memory, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not likely to be forgotten by ex-soldiers. When he was M.P. for Leicester he wrote in the *Leicester Pioneer* on August 7th, 1914: "We shall find the only reason from beginning to end of it is that our Foreign Office is anti-German, and that the Admiralty was anxious to seize any opportunity of using the Navy in battle practice." This and many other utterances by Mr. MacDonald proved him to be a danger to his country. In this connection the Rev. Dr. Freeman, a Leicester Non-conformist minister, wrote of him in August, 1915: "You unhalo the memory of every British hero who laid down his life in this glorious struggle. . . . You have no moral right to enjoy liberty and protection under the British flag, or sleep another night defended by the life-blood of British men." This is the man who has done everything possible to give away India, the man who, in his book, "Labour and Empire," issued in 1907, said: "Empire and Imperialism are expressions which must be obnoxious to any democratic party."

Ex-soldiers have not altered their opinion of this pacifist. On August 7th, 1917, a soldier, writing from hospital to the *Morning Post*, said: "Send your Ramsay MacDonalds and your Philip Snowdens out into the firing line. . . . We are quite ready to fight this war out to the end, but we are not ready to have the hardly-won fruits of victory torn out of our hands by a canting lot of Pacifists." Those words still hold good to-day, and the sentiments expressed in that letter are endorsed by every real ex-Service man in the country.

So we find ourselves to-day, twenty-one years after the outbreak of war, with a Navy dependent on obsolete ships, an Army down to a skeleton of what it should be, and an Air Force that will take years to bring up to real strength. If this Government will not make us safe, so that our sons can be spared the horrors of war such as we experienced, then let them get out and make way for an administration that will do it.



# Our Russian Friends Up-to-Date

By Meriel Buchanan

ONCE more it seems the ill famed "Cheka" has decided to change its name and has assumed the ostentatious and pretentious title of "Commissariat for International Affairs." The Soviet, anxious to establish diplomatic relations with foreign powers, declare that they have decided to abolish the Cheka and to replace it by a new organization called the "United States Political Administration." Commonly known as the "Ogpu" or G.P.U. this organization has proved itself to be merely the Cheka under a new name and has made itself as notoriously abominable and pitiless as its forerunner, so that now the rulers of the Kremlin, so anxious to impress us with their humane, civilised and well run political administration, have found it necessary to invent yet another name for the organised system of intimidation, by which they retain their power and supremacy over a cowed and browbeaten people.

## RUSSIA'S RULERS

The world forgets so quickly, and is moreover so apt to be sceptical where unpleasant and painful facts are concerned, that the indescribable horrors perpetrated by the Cheka have passed into oblivion, those horrors were real, and, though some of the men who took part in the mass executions and tortures have died, or been shut up in lunatic asylums, unable any more to find merciful oblivion and forgetfulness in drugs and wine, **THERE ARE MANY STILL ALIVE, STILL HOLDING OFFICE OF IMPORTANCE AND HONOUR IN THE PRESENT DAY SOVIET UNION.** Yagoda for instance, who was one of the notorious Dzerzhinski's assistants, is now the President of the new G.P.U., and has control of the whole police force in the U.S.S.R. A pigeon-breasted, yellow faced man with sadistic tendencies, a drunkard who indulges in unspeakable orgies with women, he holds the life and death of the whole population in his hands, and though the O.G.P.U. may have changed its name, Yagoda remains the same!

What was the Cheka? And what did it do for Russia? Let those who forget too easily read the book "The Secrets of the Ogpu" by Essad Bey, published by Jarrolds in 1933. It may bring them to a horrified realisation of the monster, that, like a giant octopus, still stretches its creeping, malignant tentacles not only all over Russia, but over the world. It may wake in them a dormant mistrust and apprehension of the men who rule the Soviet state. It may open their eyes to the danger which threatens Europe!

"Terrorism is our only alternative" Lenin said. "Do not imagine for one moment that we shall be able to remain in power without having resource to

the most brutal methods of revolutionary terrorism!" And, in order to prove that these words were not idle oratory, he signed an order for the formation of an armed police force, that was to be called "The Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter Revolutionary Sabotage and Dereliction of Duty." In Russian this long winded title was compressed into the two initials and was called the "Cheka" and Felix Dzerzhinski, who had conceived the idea of this force as a protection for the Government, was elected its head, and before very long had trained the first rough troops into an organisation that was to spread terror over the whole of the crumbling Empire. "The zeal of Dzerzhinski's agents was extraordinary" Jaxa Roniker says in his book, "The Red Executioner."

"The question is why? It was not from a feeling of duty, nor for profit, least of all in the hope of distinguishing themselves. It was merely the passion of a hunter who pursues the quarry for the love of striking and finishing it off. **MAINLY IT WAS THE SADISM OF BORN TORTURERS** who had to torment their victims . . . The murdering of so many people roused in them a taste to be satisfied with more blood, and torture became for them an exquisite pleasure."

## GORGED WITH BLOOD

So the prisons of the Cheka's headquarters in the Lubianka in Moscow were filled to overflowing, and day after day Pankratov, the executioner, with his huge obese body, his shaven head and small green eyes, sat in the cellar, while men and women were led in, ordered to strip to the waist and turn to face the wall, when Pankratov, narrowing his eyes, shot them through the back of the head, and, not waiting to see whether they were dead, shouted for the next victims to be brought in.

And it was not only in Moscow and in Petrograd that the Cheka gorged itself with blood. In the provinces, especially in Southern Russia, the terror was even more appalling, and the fate of the unfortunate people who fell into the hands of the local Chekas, depended entirely on the mentality of the monster who was in command. In Blagoveschensk the bodies of officers with the epaulettes nailed to their shoulders and gramophone needles stuck under the nails were found. In Ekaterinslav people were crucified. In Voronesh they were shut into barrels studded with nails and rolled down a hill. Khrakov was well known as "The Glove Factory," for there Zagenko, the local executioner, skinned his victim's hands before sending them to be finished off by the gigantic sailor Eduard. In Odessa the nigger executioner Johnson was notorious for his cruelty and the woman Vera Grebenniukova,

who worked with him, literally tore her victims to pieces.

With the new name given to the Cheka there was also a change of policy, but though the tearing out of nails, and the twisting of limbs, was no longer officially countenanced, there are other and subtler methods of torturing those who to-day fall under the displeasure of the Soviet Government. The great bulk of so called "State Opponents" are sent to Concentration camps in the North and in Siberia, but the more notorious anti-Communists, Priests and conspirators are taken to the Inner Prison in the Lubyanka, and those who refuse to give evidence or divulge their secrets are flogged, or subjected perhaps to the Herring Torture, which consists in them being given nothing but salt herrings to eat, while outside their locked doors a water tap is turned on. Or, in order to break down their resistance, they are shut in a cell filled with lunatics and sexual maniacs, or else doped with hashish and made to sign confessions unconscious of what they are doing.

The murder of Kirov early this year resulted in a renewed outbreak of terror and executions in Russia, two hundred people were shot in Petrograd and Moscow, nearly thirty thousand were arrested, and yet, referring to Mr. Eden's visit to Moscow in April, a newspaper reported that the English visitors were "impressed with the weight and tranquillity of their host's manners" and that the conversations were conducted "Throughout in an atmosphere of complete friendliness and frankness."

What these conversations were has never been divulged, but there can be no doubt that it is our right to know exactly what transpired, and it may be that this knowledge would throw light on the almost complete silence regarding the Soviet that has been made manifest in the Press since this unwise, incomprehensible visit, to a country which is controlled by those who hire torturers to impress their power and tyranny on their own country.

## TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

It is twenty-one years since it happened,  
Though it seems but yesterday,  
When the trumpets of war rang through the land  
And our brave lads marched away.  
They gladly answered the summons,  
We were proud to let them go,  
But little we dreamed of the future,  
Its horrors and death and its woe.

We dreamed it would soon be over  
And our lads be home again,  
But the weeks and months and years rolled on—  
Weeks, months and years of pain,  
Of cruel waiting and anguish  
For the news we dreaded to come,  
For the joyous welcome we gave them  
When they got "long leave" for home.

The mothers and daughters of England,  
They bore the heaviest load;  
Theirs was the work of waiting,  
Theirs was the struggle for food;  
Theirs were the air-raid terrors,  
The days and the nights of dread,  
For the hour when the fateful message  
Told that a loved one was dead.

The fathers and sons of England,  
As they fought through the blood and the smoke,  
They laughed and they joked together,  
Even death itself was a joke.  
They were pals, real pals, in the trenches,  
The squire, the coster, the clerk,  
The doctor, the groom and the lawyer,  
Each played a noble part.

They talked of the day of returning,  
They joked in the mud and the rain  
Of the bully beef, and the rations  
They'd eat in Old England again.  
They dreamed of a land fit for heroes  
They heard was awaiting them home,  
But thousands and thousands ne'er saw it,  
For them the last Roll Call had come.

And often, by night in the dug-outs  
Or on quiet sentry alone,  
They hushed their jokes and their laughter  
And prayed for the loved ones at home,  
They thought what the morrow might bring them,  
They thought of the pals who were gone,  
Shattered or blown to pieces,  
And a prayer replaced the song.

H. MERCER.

**People who are patriots, who  
would like something more than  
the "hush-hush" news of most  
of the daily papers, and want  
to know and hear the truth,  
should buy**

**"The Patriot"**

**"The National Review"**

**and**

**their humble servant**

**"The Saturday Review"**



# A Weak Link in Britain's Air Defences

By Major Oliver Stewart

THE public has been warned by the Air Ministry not to regard the Air Exercises in the London area as a test of London's defences. The exercises were intended, it is explained, solely as a means of practising the personnel of the Service in flying and in tactical duties. Nevertheless, it is permissible to draw certain conclusions from the events of the "war" between Northland and Southland, and the most important conclusion is exceptionally arresting. It is that the whole, elaborate fabric of our air defences rests upon observation; and that observation is the least developed of all defence activities.

## GROUND OBSERVATION

Interceptor fighters have made good progress in recent years and can catch any bomber—if their pilots can spot it. But to-day's Air Staff is rediscovering a fact perfectly well known to all experienced war pilots, that observation of the sky from an aeroplane is so difficult as to be almost impossible. The observation must be done from the ground; from positions where the ears of the observers can be used as well as their eyes. The aeroplane pilot is virtually deaf. He cannot hear other aeroplanes. So he is badly placed for spotting them, and, in fact, is rarely able to spot them unless they pass close to him.

The observer, upon whom the defence system rests, must be on the ground. During the Air Exercises ground observers were used, and they did their work extremely well. But what I want to point out is that these observers are unpaid civilians who volunteer locally to do the work, and are sworn in as Special Constables. They have no grand uniforms, no bands and gold braid, no marchings and counter-marchings. Less money is spent on them than upon other defence units, and less effort is used to develop their instruments and the methods of employing them.

## UNPAID PATRIOTS

Yet it is upon this unpaid, relatively neglected section of the defence service that the whole of Britain must rely for protection against aerial attack. The beautiful and expensive 200 and 250 m.p.h. fighting aeroplanes, the elegant and skilful officers who fly them or order others to fly them, the operations rooms and staffs, and even the Air Ministry itself are all completely futile without the Observer Corps. *Observation is the foundation of interception.* And the work of observation rests to a large extent with this lowly, unpaid group of patriotic workers.

Too little attention has been devoted lately to observation problems; to the spotting at the first possible moment of raiding aeroplanes and the immediate assessment of their height, speed and course. We have advanced but little beyond the

"a good pair of ears and a good pair of field glasses" stage. The need for progress was demonstrated during the exercises. A little haze, or a layer of cloud was enough to send the interceptors wandering about the sky without once making contact with the raiders.

I want to make it clear that I am not criticising the Observer Corps. On the contrary, I want to express the highest admiration for this patriotic body of men, recruited from all walks of life, who voluntarily help in making this country safe. But I do say that the Observer Corps should receive something more solid than the thanks of the Air Officer Commanding for its work, because that work is of such vital importance. I am aware that there are certain "secret" methods for detecting aeroplanes. I have worked on some of them myself when in the Service; but I am also aware of their limitations, and they do not, and cannot replace a large, well-trained, highly skilled Observer Corps armed with the best instruments modern scientific technique can devise.

## THE PRIMARY LESSON

It is astonishing that our brilliant Royal Air Force should depend so entirely upon a group of unpaid civilians; yet it is true. Without the Observer Corps the defence system as it is visualised at present, falls to the ground, for there is no adequate substitute for that Corps.

The primary lesson of the Air Exercises then is that air defence—or, at any rate, the truly defensive part of it—rests upon observation, and that steps are necessary to improve our observation facilities. Let the work on the interceptor fighters and other aeroplanes continue; but let it be accompanied by work on observation.

I was glad to see the other day that Major C. C. Turner approves of my advocacy of the motor-cannon aeroplane—a type I described in the *Saturday Review* of the 27th July—for it will be an essential part of up-to-date defence systems in the future, and the sooner the Air Ministry realises it the better. But it will be wasted, like all other types of aeroplane, unless there exists a system which will immediately inform its pilot of the position and course of his quarry. In future work on air defence greater attention must be paid to the technique of observation and spotting.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the "Saturday Review" from their news-agents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, "Saturday Review," 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

**A**RMCHAIR critics of Italy's action in Abyssinia are trying to make fools of the British public.

There is no basis for the moral indignation they profess.

The claim that Abyssinian independence concerns the League of Nations is fallacious. The League is an association of civilised States. Abyssinia is a semi-barbaric country, characterised by cruelty, slavery, and feudal anarchy.

Her application to join the League was an adroit move to secure a protection to which she is not entitled. The British Government, realising this, protested strongly against her admission at the time. Our reasons for this protest still hold good. Abyssinia has no call upon the League of Nations, since she was never qualified for membership.

\* \* \*

**A**S soon as Italian rule is established in that country, the futility of present objections to it will appear, for everyone concerned will be better off.

The Abyssinians will benefit by the opening up of their territory, just as the Moors and Berbers have benefited from the French occupation of Morocco, or the Sudanese by the British conquest of the Sudan.

People who denounce Mussolini as an aggressor should remember that he is only continuing the work of General Gordon, whose death at Khartum was regarded as a martyrdom in the cause of the suppression of the slave trade.

The British Empire too will benefit from the establishment of an efficient and civilised administration in Abyssinia. At present the frontier districts of British Somaliland, Kenya, and the Sudan are constantly harried by Abyssinian marauders. The Emperor of Ethiopia may not approve of their practices, but he cannot control the minor potentates who rule on the borders of his primitive and at present impassable country.

\* \* \*

**U**NDER Italian authority these outrages will cease, and we shall be able to withdraw the British sloops which now have the arduous task of trying to stop the slave traffic across the Red Sea from Abyssinia to Arabia.

It will be of advantage to the world at large that

# ITALY'S



ABYSSINIA

A Scene in the Slave Market: The two men on the left are Amharas; the two on the right Gallas.

the deposits of gold, oil, and other products which the highlands of Abyssinia are believed to contain should be developed. The purchasing power of the country will increase as its natural wealth becomes accessible with the building of roads and railways, and the consuming capacity of 14,000,000 Ethiopians will be added to the existing markets for European goods.

Finally, and above all, Italy will benefit by finding that outlet for her teeming population which is vitally necessary for her national well-being.

Those who carp at Italy's desire for new territory should rather praise her patience. She was the only one of the principal Allied Powers that received no colonial mandate after the war. The former German colonies were shared out between the British Empire, France, and Japan. The Italians had been promised a rich tract of Turkish territory in Asia Minor, but it was never conquered.

Italy is a land comparatively poor in natural resources—little more than half the size of France, but with two million more inhabitants. What is she to do with her surplus sons?

\* \* \*

**T**HE high plateau of Abyssinia is the last area in Africa suitable for white colonisation which has not been brought under European rule. What right have we, established on the neighbouring tableland of Kenya, to oppose Italy's aim of acquiring similar territory?

It is fortunate that our new Foreign Secretary,



# RIGHT TO EXPAND

By

Viscount  
Rothermere

Sir Samuel Hoare, holds clear and common-sense views on this matter.

"We admit the need for Italian expansion," he said in the recent debate in the House of Commons. That is the only reasonable attitude for this country to take. Recognition of the right to expand, in the case of Germany and Japan as well as Italy, should be the touchstone of British foreign policy. For us to adopt a dog-in-the-manger posture towards the natural desire for an increase of territory on the part of virile peoples like the Germans, Italians, and Japanese would ultimately lead to another world war.

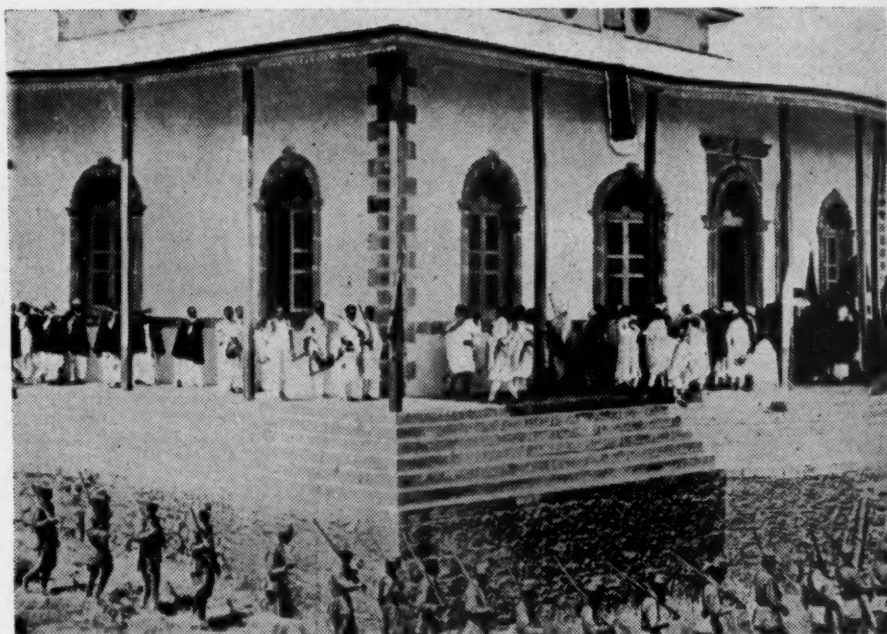
There are some foolish people in this country who assert that the penetration of Abyssinia will prove an impossible task for Italy. Those who know Mussolini personally, as I do, and have followed closely the achievements of that great constructive statesman during the past thirteen years, are aware that he never undertakes an enterprise without well weighing the cost.

The successful invasion of Abyssinia is solely a

question of communications, and the Italians are the greatest road builders in the world. I predict that within a few months of the start of the campaign all the worth-while parts of Abyssinia will be in Italian possession, and that the Abyssinians themselves will quickly realise the advantages of Italian co-operation in the development of their country.

\* \* \*

LITTLE more than a generation has gone by since Britain was herself engaged in a widespread campaign of annexation in Africa. Such Empire-builders as Rhodes and Kitchener were held in high honour among us. No one can deny that their work has brought the benefits of civilis-



ADDIS ABABA

A recent picture of the Royal Palace, showing armed courtiers, who in turn are guarded by troops in modern equipment.

ation to what, when I was a boy, was still known as the "Dark Continent."

White men and women can now travel, unescorted, and by motor-car, throughout the whole length and breadth of Africa—with the exception of one solitary corner. That corner is Abyssinia, whose borders are still occupied by savage tribes which require their young men to prove that they have killed and mutilated an adversary before they are allowed to marry.

All sound-thinking Britons will wish Italy well in the great enterprise to which she has set her hand. The day that Mussolini establishes Italian authority over the ancient but barbaric land of Ethiopia will complete the beneficial progress by which Europe has brought law, order, and public health to a continent which less than a century ago was plunged in primitive misery.

[Reprinted from the "Daily Mail."]

# Two Friends

By Dan Russell

THE badger-earth was in the little delkin which lay between Cold Farm and the beechwood. It was a small earth and used only at odd times by the brocks. So on the evening when the keeper came with the report that a badger had been using the earth regularly, there was joy in the heart of Tom Conigar, the landlord of the Green Man. It would be an easy task to get a badger out of a small place like that, and there was not much danger of the terriers getting hurt. Conigar gathered his henchmen about him, and one July morning they set off for the earth with terriers and spades and a gallon jar of ale. No sooner was a terrier put into the main hole than he began to bay; the badger was at home.

The men stripped off their coats and began to dig in the direction of the dog's challenging voice. Every now and then they heard the agitated grunting of the badger as it charged the terrier. Very soon they were close to the sounds of combat. Conigar lay down and peered up the hole.

"Can't see nothin'" he said "Here, Jess."

The terrier backed out, bleeding from a mangled jaw.

## THE FRIGHTENED CUB

"Now gie us the torch," said Conigar.

He directed the beam up the hole, and there, within four feet of him was the badger, a small sow. The long-handled tongs were pushed into the hole and the badger was dragged out and killed.

"Let's see if there's another" cried Conigar, and once more he peered up the tunnel.

"Well, by gosh, look here," he shouted and reached in his arm. He hauled out a struggling cub.

"The old sow were usin' this earth as a nursery," he grinned "us'll take this lil beggar alive."

They put the little cub into a sack. He lay very quiet and still, scared of the noise and the men and the smell of his mother's blood.

The men returned to the village exulting in their luck and that night much ale was drunk in the bars of the Green Man. The frightened cub was produced and exhibited to the favoured few in the saloon bar. They crowded round and gazed at the terrified little creature.

"What have you got there" ?—the Master of the Foxhounds had entered the bar unseen.

"T'is a badger-cub us got to-day, sir," replied Conigar.

"Poor little beggar," muttered the Master. "I'll give you a pound for him."

And so little brock went home in the Master's car. He was put into an empty loose-box and a bowl of bread and milk was prepared for him. Eagerly he lapped it up and then returned to sleep upon the straw. Within a week he was quite

reconciled to his new life and was as tame as a dog. Then one morning the Master arrived with a Cairn puppy.

"Here's a playmate for you" he said, and dropped the puppy into the loose-box.

Brock backed away and eyed the pup suspiciously. The puppy, friendly to all creatures, wagged his tail and bounded forward. Brock grunted and retreated to a corner. The puppy sat down, puzzled by this unsociable behaviour. Then he walked straight up and licked the badger with his pink tongue. Brock grunted again and sniffed at the little dog. Then he rolled over on his back in invitation to a game. So began a friendship that was to endure until death.

## A STRANGE INCIDENT

From that day the dog and the badger slept together in the loose-box. And all their waking hours were spent in each other's company. A strange sight it was to see the perky Cairn and the lumbering badger trotting round the stable yards and playing in the paddocks. Always it was the terrier who was the leader in their games and exploits. He would trot ahead with his impudent tail awave, while behind him lolloped Brock, grunting in protest at being hurried at such a rate.

Even when they arrived at the mature age of two years they did not quarrel. Rather did this strange friendship deepen. Did Jock the Cairn commit a crime and receive punishment, then Brock would comfort him. Did Brock do wrong, then it was Jock who would lick the chastened sinner with his tongue.

It was when this peculiar pair were two years old that there happened the strangest incident of all. Jock was small and cheeky, but Brock had grown until he was a powerful beast weighing some thirty-five pounds. A docile amiable fellow who never lost his temper with the teasing terrier.

One day, Jock was in the yard alone. He was sniffing among the bales of hay in search of rats when he heard a patter of feet upon the stone flags. He turned to see a strange dog in the yard. It was the sheep-dog from the Home Farm, a big ugly beast, scarred from many battles. Little Jock's hackles went up as he marched to meet the intruder.

But before he could even bark the ugly brute darted forward and pinned him by the neck. Jock was game enough, but against this enormous foe he stood no chance. The big dog shook him like a rat and growled savagely. Jock lay limp and helpless in his jaws, dazed by the savage gripe . . .

Brock was in the adjacent paddock, basking in the sun. Suddenly he heard the sounds of combat from the yard. He rose lazily to his feet and listened. He heard a savage worrying, and then high and clear he heard the voice of his friend



calling for aid. Brock broke into a gallop, his hair stood out on end all round his body, and as he ran he roared, a deep rumbling sound infinitely more terrifying than the growling of a dog. Gone was the pleasant, domesticated creature which wandered freely round the yards; in its place was an angry badger, thirty-five pounds of fighting fury.

The big dog in the yard had nearly made an end of Jock when round the corner came a gray thunderbolt. Straight up to the struggling pair it charged like a roaring tornado. The bully received a blow in the side which knocked him sprawling. Before he could recover, a lean, arrowy head had darted down and Brock had this throat in that most terrible of all holds, the hold of a fighting boar-badger.

Deeper and deeper sank the long white tushes

into the defenceless throat. The big dog plunged and threw himself about, but there was no breaking that terrible grip. The struggles of the dog grew weaker, and as they did so the iron jaws about his throat tightened until at last he lay dead. Only then did Brock relax his grip. He looked down upon his dead enemy and his anger left him. His coat flattened down and the angry fire left his sloe-black eyes.

He trotted over to where little Jock lay upon the ground and nuzzled him with his snout. The terrier's eyes opened and he whimpered his thanks. Then weakly he staggered to his feet. Brock came close to him and supported him with his shoulder, making little sounds of encouragement. Then very slowly the two friends walked back to their straw-covered sleeping bench.

## MOTORING

# The Chemist Rules the Car

By Sefton Cummings

**A**S motorists have become more enlightened it has become customary in modern advertising to pretend to let customers peep a little behind the scenes. I say pretend because it is obviously not every motorist who appreciates the importance of what he is being told. Thus, in days gone by, oil was merely oil and petrol was little more than just petrol. To-day, however, we have been introduced to such terms as "slum", "carbohydrates" and many other scientific-sounding names that few of us would have bothered about a few years ago, while one well-known firm has recently carried matters so far as to make the basis of one of their advertisements a complicated chemical formula which would have meant little enough to us even while we were at school.

Of course the real object of such an announcement is to drive home the fact that this particular product contains something which the others have not got, and having this, is able to do a little more than any of its competitors. I sometimes think that the majority of drivers still fail to realise how much patient research goes on behind the scenes in petrol and oil firms.

### Limitations of Fuel

It is a fact that what designers can accomplish is very largely regulated by the limitations of oil and fuel. Thus, until now the development of the popular worm drive back axles has been limited by the difficulty of finding an oil which would stand up to the tremendous pressures which are set up by this form of drive. For five years chemists in England and America have been engaged in searching for an oil which would overcome this difficulty. Now they have found one, with the anticipated result that more models will be fitted with worm drive which, by lowering the propeller shaft, simplifies body building.

Designers can only increase compression ratios in accordance with the advance made by producers of motor spirit, and as a result there is a constant striving to improve petrol and innumerable experiments of introducing other agents are carried out to this end.

The petrol manufacturer does not have an easy task. He must be continually improving his product in order to meet competition and, while steadily progressing, he must avoid producing a spirit which would be admirably suited for an ultra-modern car designed after consultation with his chemists, but which would be unsuited to older models. He must, therefore, aim at the production of a petrol which will suit a wide range of designs.

### A Word of Warning

Of course, every brand of spirit will not suit every car equally well. Some go better on a heavier petrol than do others, some put up their best performances on spirit into which tetra-ethyl-lead has been introduced, others are better suited by a benzole mixture. The motorist would do well to study this question, but at the same time I would sound a word of warning.

I have heard drivers swear by an obviously inferior brand and certainly for a time their engines seemed to develop more power. In nine cases out of ten, however, there were reasons for this which, had they understood them, they would have hastened to remove.

By all means select with reason the petrol which seems to suit your car; but do not fill your tank with a heavy commercial spirit of poor quality or any elation you may feel at first will be short lived. Above all do not think that inferior fuel is an economy.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Bravo, The Little Patriot!

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—I am sure you must have heard the story of thirteen-year-old Maud Mason, of St. Paul's School, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester.

She is a child after your ladyship's patriotic heart, for she believes in England as "the best country in the world," and, despite the verbal whips and scorpions of the inspector who reproved her patriotism as old-fashioned and out-of-date, sticks to that belief!

But what are we to think of the inspector who tried to convert her to the poisonous International (or was it Communistic?) creed he himself holds?

Doubtless this inspector does not stand alone in propagating ideas of which the Church ought strongly to disapprove, and of which the Vicar of St. Paul's does apparently disapprove.

Why then are such men allowed to carry on work for which the opinions they profess to hold obviously ought to disqualify them?

MOTHER OF CHILDREN.

Great Western Road, Manchester.

## Save Our Children

YOUR LADYSHIP,—I am only a working woman and I haven't written to any paper before. But I have my feelings the same as other folks, and I want to let people know that what is being written about St. Paul's School in Manchester is happening in other places.

I am an Englishwoman, and I don't want to be anything else. Nor do I want my children to grow up into little Bolshies or whatever else some of their teachers want them to be.

England is good enough for me, my husband, and my children. Why should the children of us poor folks be taught to be Lenins, Trotskys, and what not?

These inspectors and teachers think they own the children, and their mothers and fathers aren't worth nothing. And poor folks can't say anything to stop the business.

Please, Your Ladyship, if you make a row, something good may happen.

ELIZABETH CLARK.

Mare Street, Hackney.

## Polluting the Minds of the Young

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—“I think we ought to be proud of England and like to live here.”

So wrote Maud Mason, of St. Paul's School, Chorlton-on-Medlock, in the Jubilee essay on “My Native Land.”

The school inspector is alleged to have rebuked her for writing such “Old-fashioned Imperialism”!

Is that particular H.M.I. aware that in no other country in the world could an official make such a statement against his country? Recent events prove what Russia, Germany, France and Italy would have done with anyone inculcating anti-national ideas.

It is high time the Cabinet considered the advisability of following the lead of the Dominions and decreed that teachers and all officials must take the Oath of Allegiance on taking office? Ninety per cent. of teachers and officials dealing with children are aware of their great responsibilities. But in time does not a “little leaven leaven the whole?”

PRO PATRIA.

## Complacent Mr. Stanley

SIR,—The complacency with which Mr. Oliver Stanley has treated the whole disgraceful affair at Chorlton-on-Medlock has astounded the country.

The Minister of Education excused himself from taking any action on the ground that the school inspector's disloyal observations were “in the nature of a casual comment to the teacher.”

This, however, is not the point. No matter how the remark was made, it has not been disputed that it truly represented the inspector's personal opinions. This, surely, is bad enough to cause consternation, yet Mr.

Stanley seems to think it right and proper to keep a man who holds such poisonous views in a responsible position.

Anyone who is even remotely connected with the education of the young who dares to hold such opinions should be instantly dismissed and his pension forfeited. How can we expect the next generation to grow up into decent patriotic citizens when Communistic ruffians are set in authority over them?

J. MANSFIELD.

Wandsworth.

## Purge the School Teachers

SIR,—For forty years at least I have been aware of communistic teaching by elementary school teachers. Sprung almost invariably from very humble stock, they are put in a position of some authority which generates in them an inferiority complex. I know of a case where a lady by birth became an elementary school teacher, but was compelled to give up this occupation because her fellow teachers were jealous of the fact that she was a lady, and used often to say to her “Of course you are a lady, we are only common people.”

There are, however, some very worthy teachers who deplore the Bolshevistic attitude of their fellow teachers. I count among my many valued friends some elementary school teachers.

The business of elementary school teachers is riddled with social jealousy. It is really a very honourable and responsible vocation, although it carries with it no social status.

(The Rev.) J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

Burgess Hill, Sussex.

## The Lesson of Lahore

SIR,—We can only hope that the Governor of the Punjab, in whose ability all believe, will soon be able to make peace at Lahore, as in days when contentious politics had not queered the pitch. At the same time the public must realise three factors in the situation. (1) A veritable “Surrender Policy,” for practical purposes, must (*inter alia*) mean an unsuccessful “Transfer of Law and Order,” that is to say, abandonment to a faction of the control of governmental policy directing the day-to-day action and influence of the police and magistrates. (2) This prospect gives rise to distrust and fear of domination by a rival community and consequent “trailing of coats” and assaults. (3) This again may be a prime cause of immobilisation of British troops which, taking Imperial responsibilities as a whole, are none too many.

Whether such loss of control of policy, by reason of the new Act, is justly to be feared or not may, doubtless, be argued for and against. But surely the very apprehension on the part of martial and aggressive factions that it will be so, is enough to demand very speedy reassurance in these difficult days. Such reassurance is far more important than a “political liberty” which will remain a scrap of paper if law and order fail.

O. L. G. HAYTER.

24, Longton Avenue, S.E.26.

## Youth of the Empire Guild

SIR,—Through the medium of your excellent paper may I take the opportunity of drawing the attention of our many friends and supporters throughout the Empire to our change of address?

The splendid response to the article in the *Saturday Review* by Sir Frank Fox on “Call to Empire Youth” from all parts of the Dominions and outposts of our Empire reflects great credit on your circulation throughout the world.

The “Call to Empire Youth” can now be obtained in pamphlet form, and will be gladly sent to anyone interested in the question.

J. TEMPLE

(Hon. Secretary, Youth of the Empire Guild).

Abbey House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.



## CORRESPONDENCE

## Training in Sail

SIR,—I consider the Naval Week number with its "Plea for Sail-Training" excellent. Capt. Alston's article deserves to be read by every Admiral on the active list and by all those who are interested in training for the sea.

It is, in my humble opinion, most regrettable that our present First Lord was "bounced" out of his scheme for re-instituting sail-training for the Navy by too mechanically-minded Service colleagues.

There is much one might say on the subject, but I will content myself with prophesying that the sail-trained German Navy will, all other things being equal, prove itself in the future more than a match for our mechanically and shore-trained Service.

Compare the German spirit in building another sail-training ship, after losing one with all hands, with our own action after losing our big airship in France.

As a passed-over but still serving officer, the opinions expressed here probably carry little weight, but for the same reason I only sign myself

Union Club, Malta.

"A WOULD-BE SAILOR."

## Advertise Our Local Dishes

SIR,—English cooking is usually dismissed with such scorn by public speakers that it is refreshing to find the general secretary of the British Federation of Hotel and Apartment Associations telling his fellow members that the English possess "a surprisingly large number of good women cooks."

The trouble seems to be that the foreigner has never heard of what our kitchens can produce, whereas we are always hearing of what his cooks can do. Italy, for example, has just produced two beautiful maps of her country, one showing each region ticketed with its famous dishes; the other a geographical plan of wines. On the reverse side, and in English, is much lore about pastas and risottos and tortas and the story of scores of wines, from those of Venice, south to Calabria's, and Sicily's.

If Italy can become world-renowned for her dishes of macaroni and rice, her soups and her sweets, why should not Britain speak up for Lancashire's hot-pot; Devonshire's cream; York's ham and Yorkshire's pudding; Scotland's broth and a hundred other local dishes?

People would not flock to Italy for its mountains and sea and all its other attractions if the food and drink were not known to be good, too.

Why not persuade tourists to "Come to Britain" for a like reason?

JOSEPH T. FRANCIS,

Formerly Head Barman, Ciro's Club,  
London.

"The Spotted Dog,"

Bruton Mews, Bond St., W.1.

## Bribing the Electorate

SIR,—On the front page of a Sunday paper of June 30th, there appeared a paragraph headed "Fight in the Cabinet over fixing date of the General Election." Included in that paragraph, in leaded type, were these words: "If the Election were to be delayed, giving the Socialists more time to make more dole promises, there would be the danger of the Socialists being returned and another 1931 crisis."

This apparently frank statement makes it clear that expediency is more than ethics among the people who live out of politics. Those who are capable of thinking independently have long lost any illusions respecting the methods of the professional politician, who seems to regard bribery as one of the rules of the game.

But can one wonder that the already crushing burden of taxation, with its natural corollary—unemployment, increases with each bribe the politician offers the voter? Someone has said: "As men are, so are their gods." It is easy for the cunning politician to chloroform the easy-going, unimaginative, credulous herd. But, according to the Law of Cause and Effect, when do the gods become as the men?

HENRY DUKE.

TYNEMOUTH.

## The Sea of Galilee

[From Mr. J. A. Leckie, M.P.]

SIR,—As I was not fortunate enough to catch the Speaker's eye during the discussion on the Colonial Office vote in the House of Commons on Thursday last, I would ask the favour of your courtesy to lay before the public the present position as regards the desecration of the Sea of Galilee by the Electrical Developments on the River Jordan.

The trouble has arisen owing to a concession given some years ago to the Palestine Electric Corporation, empowering them to use the lake as a kind of reservoir for the storage of water for generating electricity on the Jordan just below the lake. A dam with sluices regulates the outflow of the water into the river, and during the dry season the level of the lake is considerably reduced below the normal level, while during the rainy season the lake is raised considerably above its normal level.

These variations in level have wrought much mischief to the native fishermen and boatmen. It should be explained that the lake is a shallow one except in the middle, and has gently shelving shores, so that a drop or a rise of a few feet makes a very great difference on its shores.

During the dry season the water is drawn out by the Corporation in great quantities, reducing the level and exposing the foreshore for hundreds of yards. Much of the exposed surface is most unsightly, and the fishermen have great difficulty in launching their boats, while the inhabitants generally have equal difficulty in drawing water for their domestic needs. Also during this period stagnant pools are formed, which serve as a breeding place for mosquitos which are a principal cause of malaria and other epidemic diseases.

During the rainy season, on the other hand, the natural shores of the lake are submerged—sometimes for many yards—causing flooding in houses and great inconvenience to the inhabitants of Tiberias and the villages around the lake.

Petitions containing several hundred signatures have been received from those interested protesting against these new works, and asking that the sluices should be removed and that the lake should revert to its original natural level.

The Colonial Office and the High Commissioner for Palestine have shown much sympathy, and as a result of our representations and of similar representations from the Church of Scotland, some of the evils referred to have been mitigated.

From a letter I have just received from the Colonial Secretary, I learn that the flooding at Tiberias, which had caused damage to property, including the buildings of the Church of Scotland Mission, has been checked, and that the flooding at the Roman Catholic Monastery at Capernaum has been stopped, and that permanent plans are being carried out by the Electric Corporation to prevent its recurrence.

But best of all is the gratifying news contained in the following paragraph from the letter referred to:—

"In the same report"—Mr. MacDonald says—"The High Commissioner mentions that, as a result of negotiations with the Palestine Electric Corporation, it is proposed to fix the maximum level of the lake at 201 metres, which is about 10 centimetres lower than the highest natural level yet recorded."

That is something to go on with, and we owe a debt of gratitude to the High Commissioner for his intervention.

It remains to be seen whether the new maximum level will work out satisfactorily in practice. I fear not, and that nothing but the doing away with the sluices altogether will meet the case.

Great vigilance is necessary, and lovers of the lake, with all its intimate and hallowed associations with Our Lord, will not rest satisfied until it is allowed to revert to its natural condition as it was in Our Lord's time.

House of Commons.

JOSEPH A. LECKIE.

## New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

THE world at the moment has a vogue for dictators and is naturally interested in their lives and their methods of government. Comparisons between them may also be illuminating—where they are permitted, of course.

Messrs. Broad and Russell, who deal with nine of these dictators—three of them dead and another with his dictatorship "in ruins,"—have done their biographical work remarkably well, relying in the main on original sources for the details of each dictator's career and aims and maintaining on the whole a dispassionate attitude towards the characters portrayed.

At the same time there is a certain piquancy about their style of narrative that makes the stories they have to tell all the more readable. For example of the "dictatorship in ruins"—that of Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt—they write:

The poultry dealers who had violated the provisions of fair dealing under one of the codes of N.R.A. smashed the New Dealer. Not since the Capitol was saved from the Gauls by a gaggle of geese had poultry played so prominent a part in history.

### Marshal Pilsudski and Mr. Lloyd George

Marshal Pilsudski is credited with having acquired his taste for strong language and vigorous invective from the Wizard of Wales. In 1921 Mr. Lloyd George had criticised Poland in outspoken terms. Pilsudski was annoyed and protested against the incisive language Mr. Lloyd George had employed, only to be assured by the British Minister in Warsaw that if Mr. Lloyd George had used milder terms, he might have been misunderstood.

After that the Marshal made a habit of using unmistakable words in order that he, too, might not be misunderstood. His most notorious outburst occurred in 1928 in an article, written throughout in barrack-room style, which attacked Deputies who had opposed him. His verbal whips and scorpions were such that they could not be reproduced in the English Press.

### What of England?

One may agree with Messrs. Broad and Russell that the "dictatorship of the Proletariat" in Russia has resulted in making that land fit for robots, and no one else, to live there.

When, however, they come to consider the question how far England is likely to be affected by the trend of events elsewhere in the world, they are not quite so happy in their comments.

England, *pace* Mr. Baldwin and Messrs. Broad and Russell who admire him so much, has had its dictators before now in the shape of autocratic sovereigns and a Lord Protector, and not the least glorious part of her history has been under their guidance.

To-day we may not need dictators, but we do need sane and capable government by men who are determined to preserve the Empire we have inherited. The "Apostle of Tranquillity" has been invested with almost dictatorial power by the elect-

orate, but the only use he appears to have made of his huge Conservative majority has been to sacrifice nationalism to internationalism, to encourage "Socialism in our time," to cut down Britain's defences to a minimum, and to display his willingness to surrender portions of the Empire to the first bidder.

### The Highly Emotional Geraldine

Geraldine Jewsbury was in no sense a great writer, nor was she in any way an important personality. Her chief interest for Posterity lies in the fact that she was an intimate friend of the Carlyles.

She herself, in the words of the elder sister who knew her so well, was "a being whose events are emotions, whose principles are impulses, whose feelings are passions, whose changes are contradictions, to whose whole moral existence enthusiasm is a never-setting sun."

Mrs. Howe, undaunted by the horror expressed by her heroine at the prospect of having her life written up by anyone—"What a precious mess a truthful person would go and make of us and how different from what we really are or were"—has succeeded in giving us a striking portrait of Geraldine as the incurable romantic and rebel of the Victorian scene.

### The Jovial, Musical, Dogged Serb

Few Englishmen have had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Serb than Dr. Malcolm Burr, the well-known entomologist, who, because of his knowledge of Balkan languages, found himself during the Great War at Salonika in command first of a mixed Macedonian Labour battalion and then of a purely Serbian Labour corps and after the War returned to the Balkans to renew old friendships with his Serbian comrades.

His book contains a lively account of his wartime and peace-time experiences and incidentally also the following appreciation of the Serbian character:—

I came to know their pugnacity and their love of intrigue, in fact, that *srpski inat*, to use a word of their own which has no exact equivalent in English. Perhaps we may be allowed to call it "pure cussedness," but every Serb will recognise the impeachment. With it goes an independence and self-confidence that borders on the sublime.

They have been called the Irishmen of the Balkans and have much of the Hibernian vivacity and charm. They are jovial and rollicking, musical and cheerful, great lovers of *Wein, Weib und Gesang*. I knew a Colonel at Salonika who kept a petticoat hanging in his tent as a reminder that the gentle sex was not yet extinct.

They have a more intense national conscience than any other people in Europe.

### SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

#### Biography:

"Geraldine Jewsbury, her Life and Errors," by Susanne Howe (Allen & Unwin, illustrated, 10/6).

#### Political:

"The Way of Dictators," by Lewis Broad and Leonard Russell (with an introductory letter by the Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George) (Hutchinson, illustrated, 12/6).

#### War Reminiscences:

"Slouch Hat," by Malcolm Burr (with a foreword by Field-Marshal Lord Milne of Salonika) (Allen & Unwin, with two maps and 55 illustrations, 15/-).



# The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

## REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

### LICENSED

**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**.—Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden. Golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH**, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST**.—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins.; 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL**.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

**BOURNE END**, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE**.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL**, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON**, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 22/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS**, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD**, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS**, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, dancing.

**BUTTERMERE**, via Cockermouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

**CALLANDER**, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel. Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE**.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

**CARDIFF**.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Bkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY**.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYDEWEN**.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE**, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-. W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON**, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10. Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWNDERRY**, CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed., 9. Annexe, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DULVERTON**, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE**.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

**ELY**, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

**FALMOUTH**, Cornwall.—The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW**, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-. Lun., 3/-. Din., 6/-. Tennis, golf.

**GLASGOW**, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN**, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE**, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON**, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-. Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 184. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

**HAYWARDS HEATH**, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**HERNE BAY**.—Miramar Hotel, Bellingham. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

**ILFRACOMBE**, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE** Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY**.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK**, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH**.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LANGOLLEN**.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort, fishing, golf. H. & C.

**LANWRTYD WELLS**, Central Wales.—Dol y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum. £4 15/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

**LOCH AWE**, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmailly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON**.—Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns. Tennis.

**GOKE** Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE** Hotel, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-. Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA**, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

**SHAFTESBURY** Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

**THE PLAZA** Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

**LOSSIEMOUTH**, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 35/- to 45/-. Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH**, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-. Lun., 3/6 and 4/-. Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. W.E., £1 7/-. Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Gray Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL** Hotel.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/-. 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

**NEWTON STEWART**, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

**NITON**, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from £1 17/6. Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM**, Surrey.—The Hantboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-. Golf.

**PADSTOW**, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

**PAIGNTON**, DEVON.—Redcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH**, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 30¢; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/-; Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

**PETERBOROUGH**.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH**, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK**, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £6. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

**RICHMOND**, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

**RIPON**, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/-. Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

**ROSS-ON-WYE**.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 29; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

**SALISBURY**, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

**SALOP**.—Talbot Hotel, Clebury Mer-timer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-; Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderninster.

**SCARBOROUGH**, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 33. Pens., £3 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL** Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56. Rec., 5. Din., 6/-. Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH**.—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

**SOUTH Uist**, Outer Hebrides.—Lochbois-dale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7. Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

**STOKE-ON-TRENT**.—Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16. Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/-. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

**STOCKBRIDGE**, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast 8s. 6d., double 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

**STRANRAER**, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

**TEIGNMOUTH**, Devon.—Beach Hotel H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

**TREWESBURY**, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

**TORQUAY**.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

**PALM COURT** Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/-. Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

**TYNDRUM**, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-. Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

**VIRGINIA** Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

**WALTON-ON-NAZE**.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

**WARWICK**.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 65; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-. Golf, Leamington, 14 miles. Tennis.

**WINDERMERE**.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

**YARMOUTH**.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 85. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-. Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

## UNLICENSED

**BLACKPOOL**.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

**BOURNEMOUTH**.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

## HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

**BRIGHTON**.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

**QUEENS ROAD** Hotel, 100, Queens Rd. Pens., 2½ gns. W.E., 1 gn. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. G. Golf.

**BRIGG**, Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

**BRISTOL**. — Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

**BUDE**, N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel, Downs View. — Pens., from 2 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

**BURNISLAND**, Fifeshire. — Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-; Golf, bathing, bowls.

**CHELMSFORD**, Essex. — Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

**CHELTENHAM SPA**. — Visit the Bays Hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

**PYATTS** Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-; Golf, polo.

**DAWLISH**, S. Devon. — Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

**EASTBOURNE**. — Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. — Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter Garden.

**EDINBURGH**. — St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place. — Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

**FALMOUTH**, S. Cornwall. — Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. 'Phone: 141.

**MADEIRA** Private Hotel, Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

**FELIXSTOWE**, SUFFOLK. — Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

**FERNDOWN**, Dorset. — The Links, Wimbome Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug., Sept.).

**FOLKESTONE**. — Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

**THE ORANGE HOUSE** Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 28/-. Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

**GROATHLAND**, Yorkshire. — Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

**GODALMING**. — Farncombe Manor Hotel, Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

**HEREFORD**. — The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-. Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey. — Whitwell Hatch — a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 596.

**HASTINGS**. — Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone 761, 762.

**HOLMBROOK**, Cumberland. — Carleton Green Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. Golf. Seascale 18-hole. Fishing, shooting, sea-bathing, mountain scenery. Tennis.

**ILFRACOMBE**. — Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

**THE OSBORNE** Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

**DILKUSA**. — GRAND HOTEL. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

**IMPERIAL** Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

**INVERNESS**. — ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD. Tel., 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the Proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

**LEAMINGTON SPA**. — Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

**SEA** Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 15/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

**LEICESTER**. — Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

**LINCOLN**. — Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

**LOCH-SHIEL**, Argyll. — Ardshealach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

**LONDON**. — Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place. London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

**ARLINGTON HOUSE** Hotel, 1-3, Latham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

**ARTILLERY MANSIONS** Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

**BICKENHALL PRIVATE** Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 8 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

**BONNINGTON** Hotel. Southampton Row, W.C.1. near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst. 8s. 6d.

**CORA** Hotel, Upper Weburn Place, W.C.1. near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom.: 230 Guests. Room, bath and Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8/6.

**KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS** Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

**LADBROKE** Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ gns. to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

**LIDLINGTON** Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

**MANOR** Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

**NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL** Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

**OLD CEDARS** Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

**PALACE GATE** Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

**RAYMOND'S PRIVATE** Hotel, 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

**REDLANDS** Hotel, 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-. Lun., 1/6; Din., 3/-. Garden.

**STANLEY HOUSE** Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

**SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE**, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

**STRATHALLAN** Hotel, 23, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

**WEST CENTRAL** Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1. T. Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

**WOODHALL** Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

**LYNTON**, N. Devon. — Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon. — Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

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# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## Back to Canberra

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

SOON, the political leaders of Australia will return to their normal positions at Canberra and the State capitals. The Jubilee exodus of Ministers to London is flowing back in readiness for a hopeful Budget, and for Mr. Lyons to give to the House of Representatives an account of the mission of his delegation abroad.

Sir Henry Gullett, Minister for Trade Treaties, who has to complete commercial negotiations on the Continent, is the only member of the Federal Cabinet now remaining in London. He has also to maintain contact with Messrs. Thomas, Runciman and Elliot upon Australia's beef exports to Britain during 1936, the only outstanding phase of the meat trade negotiations. These, expected to be completed by the end of April, are not quite conclusive in August.

The Australian Ministers must be prepared for a fire of questions when the House reassembles; they will not be able to answer by producing the large-scale and long-term agreements which they sought in London. They can, however, claim a satisfactory adjustment of the quotas of all meat to be sent to Britain by the end of the present year, and of the mutton and lamb to be sent until the end of 1936.

They will be able to explain, also, that they have obtained recognition of the principle that Britain's commitments to Argentina need not prevent an increasing development of the trade in chilled beef, which will mean an incentive to the scientific improvement of the industry in Australia.

In the absence of so large a concrete achievement as had been anticipated, Mr. Lyons and his Ministers will have the uneasy task of convincing that critical assembly, the House of Representatives, of the concentration of the delegation's arguments upon the maintenance of the British market if the Commonwealth is to be assured of its proper natural development.

Ministers, I know, are convinced that their work for the future and the effect their pleas had upon Whitehall probably are more valuable than actual agreements obtained for this year and next. But they cannot, in this case, talk of hundredweights and pounds shillings and pence; Country party members and those of both Labour wings will ask for accomplished facts.

Before they came to London, Mr. Lyons and his Ministers may have suspected the many outside factors complicating a long-range agreement with Britain; they did not fully appreciate them until they got down to questions of detail.

Britain's foreign obligations and the intensified policy of protecting the

## Empire Diary

Aug. 3—Silver Jubilee Navy Week begins at Plymouth, Portsmouth and Chatham. Battleships, cruisers, submarines, etc., on view to visitors, and special displays. Admission 1s., Children 6d. All proceeds to Naval and Marine Charities.

Aug. 3, 6-10—Southern Command Military Searchlight Tattoo, at Tidworth, Salisbury.

Aug. 3-24—Folk Dance and Song Festival at Stratford.

Aug. 4—Duchess of York's birthday. Anniversary of Declaration of War, 1914.

Aug. 5—Bank Holiday. Royal Regatta, Cowes. Welsh National Eisteddfod, Caernarvon.

Aug. 9—Sept. 6—Maple Leaf Tour of Canada: under the auspices of the High Commissioner of Canada. Limited to those engaged in the food distributive trades of the British Isles, this tour affords an opportunity to study the Canadian food producing industries at first hand. It is primarily of interest to those working in the grocery, provision, baking and meat trades. An itinerary covering the fruit growing areas of Nova Scotia and Central Canada, with an optional extension to British Columbia, has been planned for September 14.

Aug. 10—The Duke and Duchess of York visit Perth, on the occasion of the opening of the city's new art gallery and museum.

Aug. 23—Sept. 7—Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto.

home farmer rendered the task of agreement formidable.

They go home determined, too, to impress upon political and pastoral interests that Australia must concentrate upon the improvement of her beef for export. Without this, no agreement will yield its full value. The production of chilled meat for the British market must be treated as a science, not as a rodeo.

## Memorial to Pioneers

SOUTHERN Rhodesia is to erect a memorial to her pioneers.

It will be set up on approximately the spot in Salisbury where the Union Jack was hoisted on September 12, 1890, in formal proclamation of the occupation of Mashonaland.

The memorial will take the form of a bronze flagstaff on a pedestal of granite and will be set up at a cost of £1,000, towards which the Government of the Colony has made a grant of £200.

## Quebec and Canadian Election

By G. Delap Stevenson

IN Canada everybody is busy laying the odds for the coming general election, in which new issues of social and economic reform are being faced by divided parties and new political groups.

Among all the confusion of cross-currents, however, one factor remains constant, and that is the French-Canadian population of Quebec.

Intensely catholic, intensely conservative, intensely self-contained and individual, they are set apart, far more than the English-speaking Canadians, from the rest of the American continent.

They have refused to be Americanised and have remained European peasants, each family living patriarchally on its own small farm and using the products they grow. They are almost self-supporting, and if they do not make fortunes, they are also not dependent on a speculative international market like the wheat farmers of the Canadian West.

One of these French Canadians once scornfully described the wheat growers as "not wheat farmers but wheat miners," for he considered the atmosphere of the Prairies more like that of a gold rush than the sober, patient business of mixed farming.

Through all the different conditions imposed by a new continent and the British conquest of Canada, they have clung tenaciously to the traditions of seventeenth century France. They have been cut off from contact with modern France by becoming a British possession, and also by the changes in their Motherland.

Founded largely by the efforts of Jesuit missionaries, and under the special patronage of Louis XIV, French-Canada was quite out of sympathy with the anti-clericalism and republicanism of revolutionary France.

Though they were out of touch with France, the French-Canadians still did not identify themselves with the growing British population to the west of them. From time to time there was friction, but the Imperial Government showed itself tolerant to Quebec and ready to uphold its religion and local liberties.

The French-Canadians remained unabsorbed, concerning themselves with their own affairs. The chief thing they wanted was to be left alone, and they realised that their best guarantee of this lay in Canada being part of the British Empire.

It was not only possible encroachments of the English-speaking Canadians which they feared, but the influence of the Americans. Any undue influence of the United States, they felt, would tend to interfere with their liberty, so they became more

anti-American and pro-British than many of the English-speaking Canadians, who had blood and business ties with their American neighbours.

As a result of their history the French Canadians have come to stand on the one hand for the greatest possible provincial independence and on the other for the maintenance of the British connection.

Their Imperialism is naturally on the whole more of interest than sentiment, though with their Royalist traditions they have found it easy to attach themselves to the British Royal Family.

Quebec is nervous of "Imperial entanglements," in the matter of defence, for instance, because it might interfere with her independence; but she is equally jealous of League of Nations entanglements, or any increased power of the Dominion Parliament.

As to the United States, her fierce opposition to the St. Lawrence Waterway scheme is due, partly, of course, to her commercial interests, but also to her traditional fear of American influence.

The French-Canadians are traditionally Liberals, for the Liberals have always upheld provincial rights. In the coming election both Liberals and Conservatives are divided on the proposed social reforms, which of course mean interference with these provincial rights.

The French-Canadians will certainly work for their maintenance, and in any case they are not very interested in social reform.

It therefore looks as if the whole question might become a territorial struggle with the radical West pulling one way and Quebec the other.

### Ceylon's Devil-Dancer Masks

A SLIM, dark-skinned young man has some queer exhibits at the newly-opened Ceylon House in Aldwych. He is Mr. Justin Pieris, one of the sons of the new Commissioner, an old Cambridge boxing blue, and a man with a curious hobby.

A native of Ceylon, he has spent many years of his life getting together a collection of Ceylon ceremonial masks, which are the envy of collectors all over the world—he has received many offers, but the collection is not for sale.

"What first attracted me," Mr. Pieris told the *Saturday Review*, "was the extraordinary power and æsthetic value of the masks themselves. Some of the 200 I possess are three feet high, and carved magnificently out of one block of wood.

"In expression they range from the grotesquely comic to the summits of human cruelty.

"In Ceylon there are really three types of masks. Those used in mask plays, those used by the exorcists in their rites, and masks made of Royalty—bygone kings and queens, which are majestic in serene repose.

"Naturally, the demon masks are most interesting. They express explosive, primitive force in the cavernous mouth, bulging eyeballs, distended nostrils, and crude, but compelling, colouring—red, yellow, black and white. As I have said, they plumb the lowest depths of bestial cruelty. In no other country in the world is colour so combined with power to achieve such stupifying results.

"During my hunt for specimens I must have seen 8,000 masks. I penetrated right into the depths of the Ceylon jungles in search for the mask maker, who still plies his trade.

"At first I was generally met with suspicion, but a little tact, and the obvious fact that I was genuinely interested in their art soon put matters right. One mask maker travelled many miles through hard country to bring me an original which he had promised.

"The Ceylon maskmakers know that I am writing a monograph on their craft, and are now only too anxious to help. Their secrets, which of course they will not reveal, go back into the dim ages of which we have no records, but it is certain that maskmakers plied their trade in Ceylon 2,000 years ago, and the secrets of the making have been handed down from father to son."

A few of the masks are now to be seen at Ceylon House.

### Unusual Underground Wealth

By Wilfrid Robertson

FROM childhood caves and treasures have been allied in our minds a connection fostered by stories ranging from Aladdin's magic cavern to adventurers' hoards hidden in the bowels of a mountain.

Though Africa has never been a continent famed for concealed goblets or jewels, though genii have not materialised there to astonish Easterns, the caves of the Rhodesian dolomite and limestone formations contain their own particular stores of potential wealth.

Its presence might not be at once apparent to the casual wanderer; he might not realise that the cavern floor which his boots trod in silence was a layer, several feet thick, of that valuable commercial fertiliser—bat-guano.

The entrances to the caves are seldom easy to find. Usually they are mere cracks hidden by the tangled vegetation, though, within, the passage will widen into a series of large chambers and grottos. More than once I have discovered a cavern by nearly falling into the mouth of a hidden shaft, or, when parting the branches with my hands, being suddenly faced by a gloomy-looking arch in the rock.

Inside, the caves are often a veritable rabbit-warren; and with the aid of a good lamp it is possible to wander about in almost any direction by following one or other of the branch-

ing passages. In places the rock is so low that crawling is necessary; at other spots the roof rises high and forms considerable chambers.

Fantastic stalactites hang from the ceiling; deep alcoves open suddenly; and weird stains and shining spots on the rock tell of water-seepage from the mass above. Bats innumerable flicker endlessly from darkness to light and light to darkness, their leathery wings making a faint dry rustling; while underfoot lies the powdery accumulation of æons—bat-guano by the scores of tons.

To dig down through the deposit of centuries is work akin to archaeology, for the bat-caves have had many inhabitants, both human and feral, since the dawn of time. Stratum upon stratum they lie: bones of lion and leopard and their prey; bones of natives who took refuge in the caves from their tribal enemies; and, deepest down, perhaps bones of the earliest bushman aborigines who peopled the continent long before the appearance of the present Bantu tribes.

But the average digger for guano worries little about the relics of the past. His energies are confined to shovelling the fertiliser into bags—triple-strength sacks owing to the amazingly corrosive quality of the stuff—and hoisting it out to those waiting to carry it to the wagon or lorry waiting at the foot of the hill.

### Canada's Cans

Romance of an Industry

SOME idea of Canada's expanding fruit and vegetable canning industry is given in new figures just received for the year 1934. Preliminary returns show increased packs of nearly all fruit and vegetables, and, as much of this produce finds its way to Britain, the figures make cheerful reading.

Of the ten fruits listed, the only one to show a decline is plums and prunes (which come under one heading), while on the vegetable side only beets and carrots show a drop.

On the other hand, some of the increases are colossal, and show that the public is at least confident of canned goods, and that Canada is getting its share of that confidence.

The largest pack reported among fruits is pears, with peaches second and cherries third. The pack of pears in 1934 amounted to 411,814 cases with net contents of 13,548,000 pounds; in 1933 the pack of pears was 394,374 cases with a weight of 12,499,000 pounds net. On the same comparison, peaches rose from 161,615 cases at 4,731,000 pounds to 155,319 cases at 5,046,000 pounds; and cherries from 71,260 cases at 2,116,000 pounds to 95,162 cases at 3,027,000 pounds.

Among vegetables, the largest pack was of tomatoes, with peas second, corn third and beans fourth.

In 1934 the pack of tomatoes in natural form was 1,994,969 cases having a net weight of 84,624,000 pounds; in 1933 the tomato pack had been 1,659,856 cases having a net weight of 68,934,000 pounds. In addition, the



pack of tomato juice rose from 10,802,000 to 14,206,000 pounds; tomato paste and puree from 3,783,000 to 4,262,000 pounds; and tomato pulp from 3,199,000 to 9,834,000 pounds.

But perhaps, of all Canada's fast-growing industries, the most impressive increase is in the pack of catsups and sauces, which in one year have risen from 3,176,000 to 13,525,000 pounds. This increase is revealed in "Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada," a booklet of incalculable value to those interested in the Dominion.

## Forgotten Deeds of the Empire

By Professor A. P. Newton

NO part of the Empire overseas has been longer in association with the Mother Country than the island of Newfoundland.

For four hundred years or more since John Cabot first discovered some of the richest fisheries in the world in the waters that washed the shores of previously unknown lands across the Atlantic on which he planted the flag of St. George, English fishermen have sailed annually across the ocean to bring back cargoes of dried and salted codfish.

Long before English colonies were founded in other lands, the Newfoundland fisheries were valued as a source of wealth for their supplies of fish and as a training ground for bold and enterprising seamen.

When the ships of the Royal Navy depended upon sail, the skill and



French cod fishing and drying headquarters on Cape Breton Island. Note platform on which fish are first piled.



Drying split cod on a fishing stage on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, 1912.

seamanship of the men who had learnt them amid the fogs and storms of the Grand Banks were invaluable, and even in the age of steam the Newfoundland fishermen furnish contingents of admirable recruits for the King's ships, both of the Navy and the Mercantile Marine, as they abundantly proved in the Great War.

The value attached to the island as a station for the fisheries gravely impeded its progress as a colony, and it has therefore had a strange and unique history. To understand it, it is necessary to know something of the way in which the fisheries were carried on in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The codfish are caught either in the waters off shore or upon the Grand Banks which lie many miles out to sea, but the fishermen need bait which can only be procured close in, and it is very important, therefore, for them to have access to the beaches of the island.

Again, when the cod were caught, they were prepared for sale in the markets of Southern Europe, where they were principally sold, by slitting them and drying upon wooden stages.

Some were salted into barrels, but this process was more costly as it involved the carriage across the Atlantic of barrel staves and salt, and therefore places for the erection of stages were sought on the shores of the island by the fishermen of every nation engaged in the industry, especially the French and the English.

The wooden drying-stages have been erected in much the same way for centuries.

There was acute rivalry between the fishermen to secure eligible sites for their stages, and actual fighting between the French and the English over them was only avoided by the custom that grew up as early as the sixteenth century of each nation confining its activities to particular harbours and avoiding the parts of the coast frequented by their rivals.

When by the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) the long struggle between France and England for the possession of territorial rights in Newfoundland, was ended and it was recognised as an English possession, the use of the shore frequented by French fishermen was reserved to them, and it was retained until 1904, when the age-long disputes of the two nations over the French Shore were brought to an end as a part of the general settlement reached in the "Entente Cordiale."

But there was almost as acute a rivalry among the Englishmen themselves. On the one hand, the English fishing merchants who sent out annually their fleets of fishing vessels from the West of England in the spring to return with their cargoes in the autumn desired to use Newfoundland solely as a fishing station and to prevent any permanent residence there. On the other, various projectors of colonies desired to found permanent settlements in the island, and from the time of Humphrey Gilbert (1583) to the middle of the eighteenth century there were incessant disputes between the fishing merchants and the colonisers.

The Government, which valued the fisheries so highly as a nursery of seamen, generally took the side of the merchants, and repeated prohibitions of colonisation were issued during that period. Time and again the Government tried to remove the settlers or to compel them to withdraw into the interior more than six miles from the coast.

In the long run all these efforts failed.

But for more than a century the settlers were left without any organised government and were only ruled by naval officers who were sent out every summer.

It was not until 1833 that a proper colonial government was established and the long disputes were thus settled according to the colonists' desires.

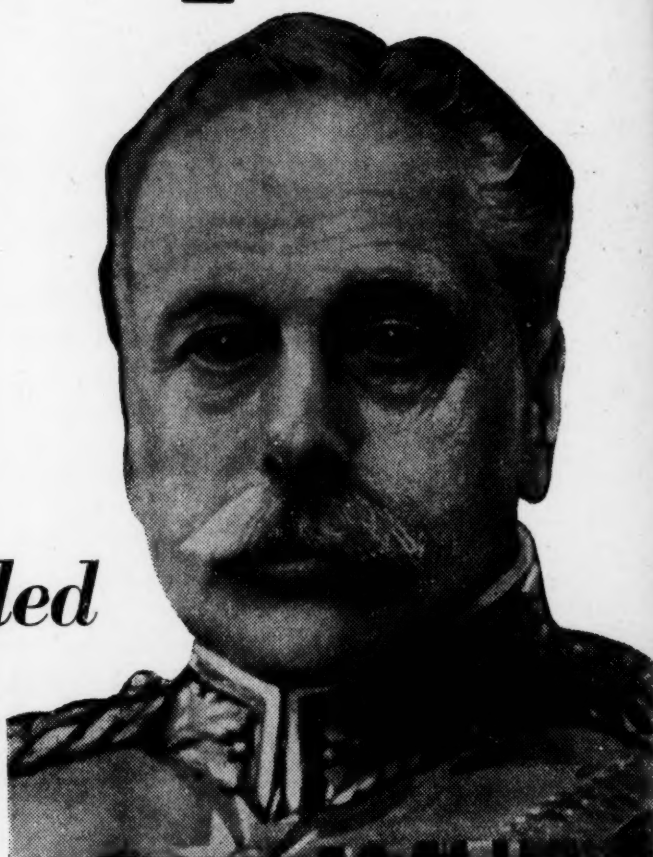
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## BOOKS

## LATEST FICTION

IT is the lovely Tudor house "White Ladies" and the influence of heredity that gives unity to Mr. Francis Brett Young's story of three generations. It is an unhurried story and that is part of its charm, for as it unfolds in its leisurely way Mr. Brett Young finds time to interest us in a series of clearly outlined characters. Miss Mary Lutyens has undoubted ability, but one could have wished that she could have chosen a more interesting subject than the fatuities of a love-lorn neurotic woman for the exercise of her talents. Still "Perchance to Dream" is a book worth reading if only as a warning against the neurotic tendencies of the age. "Men in a Hurry" is a biting French satire on Russian morals and Soviet "planning."

The Governor Designate of Canada is a Peer, but John Buchan, one is happy to note, still survives to thrill his readers with tales of adventure told in faultless easy-flowing English. "Prelude in Prague" is an exciting story of war in the air that carries its obvious moral for politicians.

Richard Keverne is an expert in the art of producing thrills with live and interesting characters to participate in them, and his latest collection of short stories provides the genuine "crook stuff" with plenty of excitement for the reader.

"White Ladies," by Francis Brett Young (Heinemann, 8/6); "Perchance to Dream," by Mary Lutyens (Murray); "The Crooked Smile," by Margery Lawrence (Jarrolds); "One Hour Before Dawn," by Valentine Ward, Lock and Co.; "Men in a Hurry," by Juliette Pary, translated from the French by Beatrice de Holthor (Dent); "Wild Balm," by Revel Harding (Skeffington).

## Adventure, Crime and Mystery:

"The House of the Four Winds," by John Buchan (Hodder and Stoughton); "Prelude in Prague: A story of the War of 1938," by S. Fowler Wright (Newnes); "In Whose Dim Shadow," by J. J. Connington (Hodder and Stoughton); "The Cat and the Corpse," by R. A. J. Walling (Hodder and Stoughton); "The Norwich Victims," by Francis Beeding (Hodder and Stoughton); "Criss-cross," by Don Tracy (Constable).

## Short Stories:

"Crook Stuff," by Richard Keverne (Constable).

All the fiction 7/6, except where otherwise stated.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"The Story of the World for Young People" to judge by its first volume, is admirably calculated to interest the Young Idea in universal history.

"Vermilion," with its attractive illustrations, is a story that children of from five to nine should enjoy.

Boys and girls of from twelve to fifteen will find much to excite and amuse them in Messrs. Hutchinson's series of "Fifty-two Stories."

"The Story of the World for Young People," Volume I, by Mabel Cleverly Paine (Muller, with maps, time charts and numerous illustrations, 7/6)—The Early and Middle Ages. "Vermilion," by Norah G. Shaw, illustrated by Ursula Moray Williams (Methuen, 5/-); "Fifty-two Tales of Wild Life and Adventure," by W. Robert Foran; "Fifty-two Sports Stories for Boys," edited by R. S. Lyons; "Fifty-two Thrilling Stories for Girls," edited by Ethel Talbot, and "Fifty-two School-Stories for Girls," edited by Josephine Elder (both from Hutchinson, copiously illustrated, 3/6 each).

## CINEMA

## SHANGHAI YAWN

BY MARK FORREST

SHANGHAI has provided the centre for a number of films and one or two plays hailing from the States, whose citizens are apparently never weary of rubbing into the rest of the world the particular kind of hotch-potch that goes to make up their population. Without taxing my memory unduly, I cannot think of more than a couple of decent persons in any of these dramas, but, whatever else may be said about the latest addition to the rogues' gallery, it certainly raises the standard of virtue.

The new picture is at the Carlton and is simply called *Shanghai*—no express, gesture or any other noun being added. Such simplicity gave me the impression that this film would be a monumental affair, beginning where the others had left off or, at the worst, borrowing their largest plumes to make a stupendous headdress. However, it is nothing of the kind and is merely a practical demonstration of what Mr. Kipling must have forgotten when he referred to the different orbits of the East and West—namely, the troubles of the Eurasian.

## The Mixed Marriage Theme

The tragedy of mixed marriages is no new theme, and it is not one which lends itself to the cinema because the end is inevitable and the argument interminable. Both these constants are present in *Shanghai*, where an American girl inadvertently falls in love with a Eurasian. Much obvious advice is given by Ambassador Lun Sing, and for once it is taken, so that the lovers part, much to my relief, without the intervention of death; but they take a fearful time agreeing to bow to fate.

For all the slowness of the tempo and the arid kernel of the nut, the picture is well played by Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Warner Oland, and it is due to their firm characterisations that one's interest is held at all.

The main feature is supported by a very interesting, and not unamusing, trifle called *B.B.C., the Voice of Britain*. This picture is one of those made by the Post Office and is directed by Mr. John Grierson, whose work is always clever, and Mr. Stuart Legg. It is intentionally a scrappy affair, but the scrapbook is cunningly assembled, and the executive of the B.B.C. is shown at work and at play with skilful contrast, while, occasionally, shadows of greater stature loom in the foreground. All the same, I wish that Mr. Grierson would stop doing overtures and intermezzos, excellent as they are, and would try his hand at an opus.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

Last week Russian Drama

"ST. PETERSBURG" (A)

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# Home Railway Earnings

(By Our City Editor)

**W**HILE the dividends declared by the four British Railway Companies for the half-year were up to expectations, the earnings disclosed by the half-yearly statements caused much disappointment on the Stock Exchange and the opinion is generally that Home Railway shares are not worth holding for some time. Hence the fall in the prices of the stocks. Most holders of Railway stocks, however, are investors with little desire to realise their holdings at prices much below cost and so it is the income position more than the capital which is of interest to them.

The Great Western is again paying, with the aid of a transfer from reserve,  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on its ordinary stock, net revenue being up by £25,000 compared with the corresponding period of 1934. The half-year's expenditure included about £120,000 in respect of partial restoration of wage cuts and cost of Jubilee concessions. The London, Midland and Scottish is paying the full half-year's dividends on the 4 and 5 per cent. redeemable preference stocks which thus receive 2 and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. respectively, against  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The 1923 4 per cent.

preference receives no half-yearly payment and higher gross earnings have resulted in no increase in net revenue, which came as a shock to the market.

The L.N.E.R. statement was still more unfavourable, for net receipts are £326,900 down on the half-year owing chiefly to an increase in expenditure of some £252,000. The full dividends are to be paid for the half-year on the 4 per cent. first and second guaranteed stocks.

The Southern Railway, also, issued a satisfactory dividend declaration for the 5 per cent. preferred stock, which received 4 per cent. all in one payment for the year 1934, now gets an interim payment of 1 per cent. This, however, is tempered with a statement of a decline of £75,000 in net revenue to which the directors add that they have no reason to think that the results for the whole year will be better than those for 1934 but they have decided to make the preferred stock payment in fairness to the large number of stockholders.

## Factors in the Future

These statements look distinctly unfavourable at first glance, but we have to remember that the results of the rating assessment appeals have yet to be determined and these will have a big effect on the company's finances. Ridiculous as it may seem, also, the companies have to show the effect of wage increases in their worst light or still more wage demands will be made. The reason for this is that concessions given in the past have left wages on the railways at an uneconomic level and now it has become a recognised thing that a great proportion of the stockholders should receive no return upon their capital. The outlook, therefore, may be less unpleasant than the half-yearly statements depict. Meanwhile Southern deferred at 21 appear distinctly promising for capital appreciation despite the gloomy views of a formerly stale bull market on the Stock Exchange. For the investor for income, it may be pointed out that L.M.S. 4 per cent. preference stock, now receiving full dividends, yields over  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at its present price.

## The Guilder Survives

The Dutch guilder has survived another crisis. Maintenance of the gold standard is a precarious business when none of the pre-War automatic correctives can be applied to adjust the international exchange position and when politics and economics are so confused that politicians mistake themselves for economists. From the international standpoint it is unfortunate that the guilder crisis has been overcome for the moment, and that the currency question was not brought to a head, for if Holland is forced off gold, Switzerland must follow, and France will be brought still nearer to the point of devaluation against sterling and the dollar, a step

## COMPANY MEETING

### FURNESS, WITHEY & COMPANY

**T**HE forty-fourth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday last at the Registered Office of the Company, Furness House, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

The Lord Essendon, who presided, said it is a matter of great disappointment to your directors, although I believe of little surprise to shareholders, that we are unable to recommend the declaration of a dividend. The usual half-yearly dividends on the £1,500,000 preference capital have, of course, been paid in the ordinary way.

I regret that with few exceptions our subsidiary ship-owning companies have paid no dividends, but on the other hand the majority of our ancillary undertakings have continued to make satisfactory profits having regard to existing conditions.

I made particular reference last year to our Bermuda interests. I am glad to say that the number of passengers carried in the year 1934-5 was in excess of the previous year.

It is common knowledge that the vexed question of meat imports is still occupying the attention of His Majesty's Government in consultation with the Dominions, and with the representatives of the Argentine Government.

Under all the circumstances I think this may be considered a fair and reasonable policy, and one which would balance the scales reasonably between the different interests, all of which are of material importance to the welfare of this country.

In regard to the current year there are many features which give your directors encouragement and which should yield us increased revenue, not the least of which is a very gratifying increase in the summer travel to Bermuda. In other directions we have been able to effect economies in operating, all of which are having cumulative effect.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted,



which seems more likely than any other to pave the way for currency stabilisation, and the revival of international trade which alone can keep the nations fully occupied and peaceful.

#### A Foreign Bond Settlement

In these days when interest on so many foreign loans is in default it is pleasant to record a sincere offer for settlement such as has been made by the Government of the Province of Santa Fe, Argentina, in respect of the City of Rosario 4 per cent. sterling loan for which the Province are guarantors. Negotiations with Hambros Bank have resulted in an arrangement by which the sinking fund is suspended further until November, 1939, a part payment of 1 per cent. is made in respect of last November's coupon, and this, with the full May 1935, coupon, is to be paid forthwith. The arrears of interest amounting in all to 9 per cent. are to be made up by raising the interest from 4 to 4½ per cent. for the period November, 1944—May, 1962, when, presumably, the Government of the Province will be in a position to meet them more easily. It cannot be too strongly urged that Britain should resume lending abroad to honest debtors and such settlements as the one instanced above should encourage the Treasury to waive its ban on foreign lending wherever the position of existing capital warrants it.

#### COMPANY MEETING

### THRELFALL'S BREWERY

#### Satisfactory Year's Trading

THE forty-eighth annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday last at Southern House, Cannon Street, E.C.

Major C. M. Threlfall, J.P. (the Chairman) said that it was a pleasure to be in a position to present once again accounts which reflected a very satisfactory year's trading. Twelve months ago he had expressed the view that the outlook was more encouraging, and he was sure it would be agreed that the figures now before them justified and confirmed that opinion.

The decrease in unemployment, the increased wages, the restoration of cuts and the reduction in personal taxation had created an all-round feeling of confidence; the public undoubtedly had more to spend and were spending more freely than for some years past. Those circumstances naturally benefited their trade, but the improvement shown did not necessarily mean a return to the position enjoyed by the company prior to the extraordinary and heavy taxation levied in 1931. The official figures disclosed that the output of beer throughout the country was considerably below the level of that year, but, on a comparison of those figures with their own, the directors were convinced that the company was deriving its proportionate share of the trade which had been regained during the financial year under review, particularly when they took into account the fact that Liverpool, Salford and Manchester, in which cities they had large interests, remained recognised by the Government as distressed areas by reason of the acute depression still existing in the shipping, cotton and textile industries.

With regard to their well-known "Blue Label" beer, the demand for it was greater than ever and their sales during the past year had created another record.

The gross trading profit for the year was £376,551 and the net profit was £255,879. It was proposed to pay a dividend for the year of 16 per cent. on the ordinary shares, less income tax.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

### BROADCASTING

## B.B.C. WITH THE LID OFF

BY ALAN HOWLAND

I FEEL that cinema-goers all over the country must have been thrilled to learn that a film has been made about British Broadcasting. Someone has actually referred to it as "the B.B.C. with the lid off," and what more subtle perfume could anyone suppose that was likely to reveal? I understand, though, that the film does not do full justice to the B.B.C. Some of the sequences in the original scenario were thought to be too exciting for modern audiences and have in consequence been deleted.

Thus, we are not to see a scene showing the office boys being instructed how to salute respectfully when a High Broadcasting Official enters the portals of Broadcasting House, nor the companion scenes in which the charladies are learning to curtsy without dropping either bucket or scrubbing brush. It was also found necessary to remove the shots of the Variety Director making a Big Programme Drive. This is to me a great pity as I understand that Mr. Maschwitz was only persuaded with great difficulty to face the camera in spite of the fact that the dialogue for this sequence had been specially written by Holt Marvell.

#### Scenes Eliminated

It is sad, too, that it will not be possible to see the Pronunciation Committee debating the word "idyll." In the original "rushes" this was a series of thrills, in fact, fast moving, pulsating drama. Unfortunately the protagonists changed their minds so frequently about the quantity of the initial "i" that it was thought the public might become confused. Still, the negative has been preserved and may be used by our old friend Sol Hognwasch in his forthcoming super-production of "The Thirty Years' War."

There was a certain amount of dispute about two or three thousand feet of film depicting broadcasting artists salaaming to the cashier on receiving their three-guinea cheques for one performance and nine rehearsals. The trouble was that the artists demanded payment for being filmed, and the B.B.C. considered that the advertisement they would get was sufficient compensation for their trouble. Even the offer of a free "advert" in Mr. Henry Hall's Guest Night did not prove attractive, so this portion of the film was scrapped.

Another tragedy is the elimination of the scenes in which the B.B.C. Bright Boys were seen congratulating each other on last night's programme. It was intended to feature this series of "shots," but the project had to be abandoned as the Scenario writer ran out of superlatives.

Still, with all its deletions and *lacunae* it is an interesting film and will no doubt prove to thousands of licence holders what a boon the B.B.C. is. At least they will see where their money goes to.

## THEATRE NOTES

## Heat, Holidays and Drama

WHEN the thermometer is soaring in the eighties, when the weather forecast predicts thunderstorms which never take place and fails to anticipate deluges which seem to arrive from nowhere, the theatrical impresario begins to wonder whether his play will last through the summer. How many times has one heard the optimistic actor or producer say in all seriousness "if it can hold up till September we shall run till Christmas"? The fact that the play suffers an ignominious demise in early October—the cast having been on 'cut' salaries for two months—does not seem to upset their calculations, for they make precisely the same prediction about an entirely different play the next time they are informed by the Press that a heat wave has arrived. The same people, of course, will tell you on the eve of a new production which, after being rehearsed for five weeks, presented at Manchester, Glasgow and Edinburgh, is re-rehearsed for four days in London and finally knocked into shape at 3 a.m. on the morning of the 'first night,' that "it will either be a tremendous success or a colossal failure."

## Summer Prospects

At the present moment there are approximately twenty theatres carrying advertisements in the national dailies and the Sunday papers. Of these, some have already had a considerable run and might not therefore be too disappointed if they failed to attract during the holiday season; some are comparative new-comers which, "if we last out the summer, old boy, will . . . ." and others should not have been produced at all. In any case a lot of money will be made and a lot of money lost before the autumn productions take the field.

In considering this question of heat, holidays and the drama, it is well to remember that some plays deserve to run because they are good plays; some run because they are aimed at a certain section of the playgoing public; some achieve success by reason of the popularity of the leading members of the cast, and others are allowed to run because the backers have money to burn. Only on the very rarest occasions is the play which deserves to run aimed at a large section of the public, supplied with a cast which will "draw" and backed by enthusiasts with unlimited means. When this happens—if it ever does—there is no reason why a play should not run for a generation, hot weather and all.

What, then, are the prospects for the present summer? Is it safe to say that any of the plays now to be seen will still be drawing the public when we are ordering our Christmas Turkey?

I am fairly confident that "Tovarich" will outlast the present season. This is no five-furlong piece, it is a stayer. The play is good, the acting

of Eugenie Leontovitch and Cedric Hardwicke is as good as anything I have seen, and the production is impeccable. I have been informed on fairly sound authority, that this excellent entertainment celebrated the advent of 83 degrees by breaking its own record takings for the week. Mr. Cochran's "Anything Goes" will, I believe, defy the weather. Wodehouse, Bolton and Cole-Porter form a team which, with such brilliant interpreters as Sidney Howard and young Jack Whiting, would have my backing at the equator or either poles. I should like to see "The Wind and the Rain" continue its steady business, and I have great hopes that "Close Quarters" may fill the Haymarket after its successful debut at the Embassy. It is possible that people will go in their thousands to visit Mr. Gielgud's Ark, but I should advise him to deviate from the behaviour of the character he is depicting and pray for rain.

For the rest, I should not like to commit myself, though I believe that a really hot August would see most of them off the premises. One person at least, will welcome the hottest of hot weather, and that is Mr. Sidney Carroll, and with all my heart I hope that the sun will shine upon his Open Air Theatre.

C.S.

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## Six Golfing Shots by Six Famous Players

Edited by  
Bernard Darwin

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